LETTERS

FROM THE

DUCHESS DE CRUI AND OTHERS,

ON

SUBJECTS MORAL AND ENTERTAINING,

WHEREIN THE

CHARACTER OF THE FEMALE SEX,

WITH

Their RANK, IMPORTANCE, and CONSEQUENCE,
IS STATED,

And their RELATIVE DUTIES in LIFE are enforced.

By Lady MARY WALKER.

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LETTER XXV.

From the Ducheſs de CRUI, to Mrs. PIERPONT.

DEAR MADAM,

YOU aſk me what produces ſo many unhappy marriages? Do they not proceed (like all the other evils of life) from our paſſions gaining the aſcendency over our reaſon? The two great characteriſtics of the human mind, are reaſon and paſſion: and in all our correſpondence have we not recommended the improvement and cultivation of

the former? I am convinced that in the production of the paſſions, there is a certain regular mechaniſm, which is ſuſceptible of as accurate a diſquiſition as the laws of any part of natural philoſophy. Did we make *this*, and the operations of nature in *mind* as well as in *matter*, our ſtudy, it would render us moderate in all our claims upon Providence. General principles would be eſtabliſhed, as alſo particular rules, whereby to judge of individuals; and a kind of theory would be erected. We ſhould be enabled to know ourſelves better, to underſtand the moral as well as the natural world, and to learn the amiable art of procuring happineſs, and avoiding miſery. The great uncertainty and inconſtancy ſo generally obſerved in mankind, ariſes doubtleſs from the influence of the paſſions; as from them proceed

all

all their fancies and imaginations which being ſo changeable and irregular, can never produce regular ideas, any more than a *crooked* line can be the meaſure of a *ſtraight* one. Virtue is not acquired without the utmoſt force and application, nor preſerved without the greateſt vigilance and conſtancy of mind; without which we muſt make a thouſand miſtakes in the management of our affections and averſions, fatal to our preſent tranquility and future happineſs; for we cannot forbear to love and hate, according as our minds are impreſſed with objects; and if we are deceived, we ſhall love where we ſhould hate, and hate where we ſhould love. Thus it is from ignorance we make falſe judgments of one another. Sagacity in decyphering the real characters of men, is extremely uſeful, but very rare. A

man paſſes for being avaricious becauſe he refrains from ſuperfluities, in order to relieve the indigent; and another is praiſed for his generoſity, who ſcatters with oſtentation, what he acquired by injuſtice—he makes pompous preſents, but forgets to pay his debts. One man is praiſed for his *patience*, becauſe by nature he is not prone to *anger*; and another is condemned for his *warmth*, becauſe he happens to be of a more choleric conſtitution. In this manner, mankind attribute to reaſon what ariſes from want of paſſion; and condemn that in one perſon, they commend in another. While men look upon things ſuperficially, and do not examine into their cauſes, this muſt ever be the caſe. Hence a miſerable hypochondriac ſhall labour under a double diſeaſe; the internal one of his own bad feelings, and the

the external torment of hatred and reproach. For how many are there, who will nor allow ſuch a ſufferer to have any diſeaſe, but contemptuouſly call it whim, vapours, &c. Such a judgment is not only unjuſt, but cruel: his diſorder may no more ſuffer him to be merry, than the gout will permit another to dance. The adviſing ſuch a man to be chearful, is like bidding a coward be courageous, a dwarf be taller, or to love where one feels indifference.

All hearts alike, all faces cannot move;
There is a ſecret ſympathy in love;
The pow'rful load-ſtone cannot move a ſtraw,
No more than hay the trembling needle draw.

SEDLEY's Antony and Cleopatra.

Is not the proper province of reaſon to inveſtigate the nature of things? for our

affection and averſion always attending upon our eſteem and diſeſteem, if theſe be built upon a falſe foundation, the others will be fixed upon wrong objects. Ignorance and miſtake are fatal in the choice of good and evil; it therefore becomes neceſſary for every man to be able to diſtinguiſh between the one and the other; to examine what effects will ariſe from his acting in any particular manner, to point out the beſt means of obtaining an end: and, in conſequence to check his temper, taſte, and paſſions. But theſe muſt ſtill be the impelling principles of action; as life without the paſſions would not only be joyleſs and inſipid, but quickly ſtagnate and be at an end. So juſt is the obſervation of the poet,

So man is form'd, nought miniſters delight,
But what his glowing paſſions can engage.

YOUNG's Night Thoughts.

Thoſe who break horſes, do not reſtrain them from running and prancing; but they manage them ſo, as to do it at a proper time, and in obedience to the rider—and ſo the affections, when they are modelled by temperance, promote virtue; as anger is a ſpur to courage, and hatred againſt the wicked to juſtice, in the ſame manner other virtues are aided by the affections; which, if totally taken away would leave reaſon in a very faint and languiſhing condition; ſo that it would be able to perform but little; like a pilot of a ſhip forſaken by the winds in a profound calm.

The gratifications which affluence, extent of power, ſuperiour or agree-

able talents confer, muſt always by their own nature be confined to a very ſmall number. But if we preſerve ourſelves free from the ſenſe of guilt, and live in the practice of truth; get a well grounded and firm belief, that every thing is under the controul and direction of an almighty, wiſe, and good Being; it will enable us to maintain a conſtant eveneſs and preſence of mind, a certain ſuperiority of ſoul, and poſſeſſion of ourſelves. It will lead us to conform ourſelves to our condition of life, to acquire a habit of application in uſeful employments, to cultivate in ourſelves a pinciple of univerſal benevolence, and to prepare and fortify our minds againſt the common and inevitable calamities of life.

Now, if we conſider the matter, we ſhall diſcover that life, unhappy as it appears, does not neceſſarily produce

duce the great evils we think fit to lament. The mortifications we meet with, proceed more from our ſanguine diſpoſitions, which lead us to expect what is not to be found, than from the miſeries we daily encounter. Does it not become neceſſary for us to contract our views within the circle of preſent probabilities, if we would inſure to ourſelves, that felicity we can only have a right to expect from thoſe perſons or things in whom, or in which, we place our happineſs; and to attain ſuch juſt ideas of what we ought to expect from every one, that we may never be mortified in not finding incompatible qualities in the ſame perſon. Let us alſo reflect that all advantages are attended with diſadvantages. "* An univerſal compenſation

* Hume.

pre-

" prevails in all conditions of being " and exiſtence; and it is ſcarce poſſi- " ble for us, by our moſt chimerical " wiſhes, to form the idea of a ſta- " tion or ſituation altogether deſir- " able ‡." Do not people therefore ſhow great weakneſs in deſiring that all ſhould be good in the world, without any alloy of evil?

This is indeed impoſſible, for as good and evil are contraries, it is neceſſary that, by an oppoſition and a certain counterpoiſe, they ſupport and fortify each other. Health, pleaſure, and competency, being the firſt and principal intent of nature; ſickneſs,

‡ In Plautus's Amphitryo, Alcemena's ſoliloquy is a juſt expoſition, how the pains in human life overbalance our pleaſures, and how cloſely our joys are purſued by grief.

pain,

pain, and other evils entered conſequently, and were but to recommend the other. Virtue therefore, was what nature bleſſed us with; vice came along as its contrary. For one contrary is an argument of another oppoſite to it, as *cold* of *heat*, *darkneſs* of *light*, *death* of *life*, and ſo of innumerable others. In Klim's ſubterraneous voyage, a people are mentioned that were ſubject to no diſeaſes, yet did not look upon themſelves as happy, becauſe their health was conſtant; nor did they even obſerve they were healthy, becauſe they knew not what ſickneſs was, and therefore lived in an uninterrupted ſtate of indifference. "Forgetfulneſs is alſo neceſſary to remembrance." The ſenſations are ever more ſtrong at the inſtant they are received from the object, than when remitted

mitted from the memory, as ideas are retained by renovation, of that impreſſion which time is always wearing away, and which new images are trying to obliterate. Socrates ſays, he wondered why Æſop never contrived a fable, in which the divinity was introduced, connecting the extremities of pleaſure and pain (ſince they cannot come together), and making the beginning of the one, the end of the other; becauſe we never know the full reliſh of pleaſure, but when pain has preceded it.

Who never faſts, no banquet e'er enjoys:
Who never toils or watches, never ſleeps.

Sick people have pleaſure from being relieved from their ſickneſs; and we never eſteem fair weather, until we have experienced foul. The Pſalmiſt ſays,

Surely

Surely the wrath of man ſhall praiſe thee: the remainder of wrath ſhalt thou reſtrain.

However, the author of the *Fable of the Bees* deſerves to be highly condemned for carrying this opinion too far; as he undertakes to defend vices, and ſhow their neceſſity in ſociety. In the article of natural evils, his doctrine may perhaps be tenable; but to ſuppoſe vice or immorality neceſſary in a ſtate, is an abſurd and derogatory notion, fitter for a kingdom of darkneſs, than human ſociety. Mr. Bayle has alſo deduced arguments from the *Manicheans*, to this purpoſe, with ſo much ſubtlety, as to have alarmed many well-intentioned people. He ſeems to have combated certain opinions, only becauſe they were generally received.

Our

Our taſtes and diſpoſitions are various, and produce good effects in the world. One Lady pities another for living in town all the year round; who in return, pities her for being in the country: neither are to be lamented, if they are both pleaſed. I do not even pity the Ruſſian Ladies, who beg a beating of their huſbands, if they reliſh ſuch a paſtime. Thoſe things ſuit every perſon beſt, which are moſt agreeable to them.

Whatever is good or bad for us, in our own eſtimation and experience, is good or bad in reality; and imaginary evil is as real as imaginary honour. Yet moſt people are for moulding happineſs according to their own ideas, and treat it as Procruſtes did ſtrangers, whom he fitted to a bed which he kept as the neceſſary ſtandard; cutting off the

the legs of thoſe whoſe height exceeded the length of it, and ſtretching on the rack ſuch as where ſhort of it. In marriage, the old are generally governed in their choice for the young, by the thing on earth that has the leaſt to do with love, intereſt; while the young are too often miſled (by their own unſuſpecting candour and inexperience) into a reliance on the falſeſt pretenſions, under the ſeducing maſk of that paſſion. If parents would have young people to look *forward*, in order to be made wiſer and better by their advice, it would be proper for them to look *backward*, and allow for their children's youth and natural vivacity—in other words, for their lively hopes, unabated by time, unaccompanied by reflection, and unchecked by diſappointment. Unhappy ſex that we are, commonly doomed

doomed the fatal alternative of being ſacrificed or betrayed!

> Firſt bid phyſicians preach our veins to temper,
> And with an argument new ſet a pulſe;
> Then think of reaſoning into love.
>
> The Revenge.

Parents ſhould never violate thoſe hearts they have only a right to guide, as it is impoſſible for us to love with other people's affections. The heart cannot expand or contract itſelf at their pleaſure, nor can paſſion be reſtrained by their commands. If parents would but weigh a loathſome horror againſt the diſpatch of a moment's pain, they would allow that the ſacrifices of infants to Moloch, in the vale of Hinnon, were tender mercies, compared to the ſufferings to which they doom their innocent children

dren, by making them the victims of Mammon.

We ſee under the Moſaical law, the maid that had made a vow, was not ſuffered to perform it, unleſs ſhe had the parent's conſent. But the laws of the Chriſtians ſet us free from the Moſaical laws. The crime of diſobedience to parents, I however rate very high, and look upon it as a crime like that of murder, which, even in this life, ſeldom paſſes with impunity *.

Thoſe are moſt likely to find happineſs in the marriage ſtate, who live ſingle until their minds are formed. And as it is a point of the greateſt conſequence, whereon depends not only the temporal, but eternal happineſs of thoſe who enter into it; they would do well

* Read the Fifth Commandment.

to conſider it with the greateſt attention. Great is the hazard of a miſtake, and irretrievable its conſequences!

You remember the poet ſays,

> Let ſtill the woman take
> An elder than herſelf, ſo wears ſhe to him,
> So ſways the level in her huſband's heart.
> For, boy, however we do prize ourſelves,
> Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
> More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and won,
> Than women's are.

When a young lady is ſolicited to enter into this ſtate; and when various competitors of different rank and condition, poſſeſſed of the moſt oppoſite qualifications, contend for her preference, ſhe often finds herſelf much embarraſſed. Ambition pulls one way, inclination a ſecond, wealth a third, and ſometimes reaſon operates in direct oppoſition to them all. In ſuch a perturbation of mind,

mind, all the paſſions whiſper their counſels; but as each of them has its peculiar intereſt, each ſhould therefore be ſuſpected. If among the various ſituations which offer themſelves, and the numerous inevitable evils which attend and threaten her; ſhe be intelligent and accurate in ſelecting one and rejecting others, ſhe will be at once diſcreet in uſing the means to obtain happineſs, and in avoiding miſery. But if ſhe acts from a complication of views, and will not only be *happy* but *rich*, *elevated* but *reſpected*, and attempt to poſſeſs every thing that has a value ſet upon it by the world; the natural condition of her life will prove inadequate to her expectations, and ſhe will live in miſery and die in repentance. But theſe maxims muſt be inculcated by a judicious mother, before the heart is influ-

enced in favour of any particular object. In order to paſs a right judgment, it is neceſſary to have the affections unbiaſſed. When paſſion ſpeaks, the ſtill voice of reaſon is ſeldom heard; In a ſoul endued with too great a degree of ſenſibility; the firſt impreſſions cannot be eraſed, and muſt conſequently preclude a cool and rational choice.

When once we begin to deliberate between love and reaſon, the laſt ſeldom prevails. If we ſincerely deſire to get the better of an inclination, that is yet in our power to overcome, we muſt break off all converſation with our hearts; diffidence of our own ſtrength is the beſt means to preſerve our liberty. It is almoſt needleſs to take notice, that a young woman ſhould be very careful not to fix her affections, till ſhe is convinced ſhe may grant her eſteem. I ſhall ſay

no more on this ſubject. I believe too great ſenſibility occaſions all the miſeries of our ſex. Any woman who ſuppoſes ſhe has been under the influence of this paſſion more than once, is deceived. If one impreſſion takes entire poſſeſſion of the ſoul, there is not the ſmalleſt void for another, even though the object ſhould be removed by death, or dead to us, in forſaking us. You will ſee, in Lady Filmer's ſyſtem of education, the advantages of a religious education, and the bad effects of having the heart too much ſoftened, or the conſtitution rendered weak by delicacy; and that, to obtain happineſs, our bodies and minds muſt be neceſſarily hardened, to prepare us for all events. But as love in our ſex is the ſtrongeſt paſſion, it is much to be feared that thoſe who are once affected by it, will not attend to

any other conſiderations. A young lady is more eaſily prevailed on by having her heart ſoftened, than her judgment convinced; and is very ingenious in flattering herſelf, that the force of ſympathy, the fatality of an inſurmountable inclination, has induced her to make, what ſhe is afterwards reduced to own to be an improper choice. In ſhort, reflection is commonly only admiſſible when the bad conſequences of an unhappy union, render the truth palpable to the parties. The mind yields to neceſſity, and being then conſcious of the defects of its judgment, is open to conviction, and eager to leſſen its miſeries, by reconciling them to fate *.

* I beg leave to recommend, as a treatiſe of inеſtimable value, Dr. Lucas's Inquiry after Happineſs; the reading of which muſt afford a refined pleaſure; and were the ſentiments of this entertaining

I ſhall therefore introduce to you, in my next, ſome living inſtances of miſery in the connubial ſtate, to whom I ſhall grant my *ſage advice*. They will illuſtrate my ſubject, by proving that moſt of the miſeries we ſuffer in this life, proceed from the incompatibility of human wiſhes; and from our minds not being properly regulated, or our taſtes adapted to the ſtation of life allotted to us, either by fortune or choice.

And from hence ariſes what Horace ſays, "That no one is content with his own condition." The word Happineſs has as many various meanings as there are tempers and conſtitutions. To confine it then to any particular taſte, paſſion, or condition of life, is the greateſt abſurdity. But this I can aver, it is

ing and pathetic writer wove into the very texture of the heart, (Mr. Hervey ſays) it would be a ſubſtantial happineſs.

to be found in every ſituation, if we are careful to cultivate our diſpoſitions for receiving it. There are no evils inſupportable, but what proceed from a conſciouſneſs of error.

How far my introducing theſe ladies (who are to appear in my three following letters to illuſtrate this ſubject,) the hearing their lamentations, and giving them my advice, may be proper in epiſtolary writing, I know not. Were I writing for the world, I might be haunted by the *Reviewers*, who are courted by modern poets inſtead of the *Muſes*, which makes ſo many of them intolerable; but I aſpire higher, I mean to pleaſe *you*, who have been like Sappho, equalled to a tenth Muſe and a fourth *Grace*. I ever am, my dear Mrs. Pierpont,

Yours, affectionately
and truly,

ELIZA DE CRUI.

LETTER XXVI.

From the Ducheſs De Crui, to Mrs. Pierpont.

DEAR MADAM,

AGREEABLE to the plan propoſed in my laſt, I ſhall introduce ſix ladies, in different ſituations, with whom I ſhall converſe in your preſence.

Your paſſion was to be rich, you married a man you deſpiſed, whoſe intrinſic worth is centered in his wealth: which gave charms even to deformity, transformed Hymen into Mammon, and the God of love into a ſatyr. Content yourſelf then with his fortune, enjoy them, cultivate your taſte for the ad-

advantages it can procure; and with theſe conſole yourſelf for the loſs of whatever you have ſacrificed for it. Conſider the motives of your determination: you had other offers; you have therefore weighed, compared, choſen, and rejected. Be firm in your deciſion, and do not act inconſiſtently, by repining you do not poſſeſs what you did not purchaſe. Though the vices, and follies of your huſband, ſhould become every day more and more intolerable, it will be in vain for you to regret the tranquility, the peace, the tender affection, the friendſhip, and confidence, which might have diſtinguiſhed your days, had you been united to a man of merit. In the height of your deſpair, you exclaim! "Was it for this, my amiable mother nurtured me with ſuch care, and cultivated in me, every idea replete with ho-

honour, enlivened by ſentiment, and corrected with tenderneſs? Alas! theſe embliſhments do now but add to my miſery, in rendering me more ſenſible of the wretchedneſs of my ſtate. The man I am chained to, is ſo far from poſſeſſing ſenſibility or taſte, that he is dead to every impreſſion of merit; and modeſty, which might have endeared me to a man of delicacy, renders me hateful to this libertine; who, by the indecency of his diſcourſe, is continually offending againſt the ſenſations of a virtuous mind. While I regret the loſs of intellectual enjoyment, my regret is ſtrengthened by the direful effects of its privation on him. Mutual eſteem is as neceſſary in the married ſtate, as mutual affection; neither of which I enjoy. What is pomp, equipage, or ſplendour, compared with ſuch ſeraphic

ſen-

ſenſations dwelling in the human heart? Will the blaze of diamonds atone for the deficiency of this paſſion? Will the gold of Ophir, melted into one maſs, weigh againſt the raptures of united hearts, warmed with ſentiment and truth?"

"As you were not unacquainted with his character before you married him, can you have now any juſt reaſon of complaint, eſpecially as you have not even the excuſe of partiality for his perſon to plead in your defence? Recollect your own ſordid ſelfiſh views; your prevailing paſſion has been gratified, and you will pardon me for queſtioning whether you would relinquiſh the advantages of your *wealth*, to be reſtored again to your liberty. Miſs Aitchen favours us with the following paſſage from one of Lucian's Dialogues. Jupiter com-

complains to Cupid, that though he had ſo many intrigues, he was never ſincerely beloved: "In order to be beloved, ſays Cupid, you muſt lay aſide your ægis and your thunderbolts; you muſt curl and perfume your hair, place a garland on your head, and walk with a ſoft ſtep, and aſſume a winning obſequious deportment." "But, replied Jupiter, I am not willing to reſign ſo much of my dignity." "Then, returns Cupid, leave off deſiring to be loved." He wanted to be Jupiter and Adonis at the ſame time: as you do to be *rich* and *happy*. What right had you to expect a miracle to be performed in your favour? you knew well that the wretch to whom you are united, diveſted himſelf of every ſentiment of juſtice and humanity in the acquiſition of that fortune, which you wiſhed to poſſeſs,

poſſeſs, and have obtained, and which has ſince pampered the vices and follies which diſguſt you. If he enumerates the ſpoils of his victories in—are they not covered with the blood of the vanquiſhed? Did he give peace and happineſs to the conquered! Did he accept the gifts of their princes, to uſe them for the comfort of thoſe whoſe fathers, ſons, or huſbands, were maſſacred! Did he court his power to gain ſecurity and freedom to the regions of oppreſſion and ſlavery! Did he endear the Britiſh name by examples of generoſity! Did he return with the conſciouſneſs to his duty diſcharged to his country, and humanity of his fellow-creatures! If he was deficient in every one of theſe, what manner of right had you to expect tenderneſs and affection from him! You might with the ſame

propriety

propriety look for the ſenſitive plant in a bed of nettles, and then complain you are ſtung by them. But you need not be upbraided for the folly of your election, ſince your own experience is but too ſevere a monitor. Debaſement is the child of pride. All that remains for you now, is to render yourſelf as eaſy as poſſible; it is your duty to ſooth the melancholy that will haunt your huſband (when alone), from a recollection of his crimes. Perhaps, by uſing your influence judiciouſly, you may yet have it in your power to humaniſe his paſſions, and refine his pleaſures; but your good ſenſe will tell you there is ſo much pride interwoven with the heart of man, that his obſtinacy will never condeſcend to receive any more than a hint from a wife. A huſband is more likely to be flattered into *virtue*, than railed out

of

of *vice*; and the moſt eſſential point in the art of leading others, is to conceal from them they are led. If he reforms, and thinks the world gives him the credit of it, in a ſhort time he will believe it proceeded from his own will and inclinations, which will inſure his conſtancy in it. Every method is laudable on your part, to reclaim your huſband, except an affectation of fondneſs for him: this would be a profanation of love; and a woman capable of ſuch abject deceit, I ſhould look upon as capable of the moſt determined baſeneſs. If his crimes have hardened him, it will be in vain for you to attempt his reformation: but while you lament his depravity, you are left at liberty to ſpend your own time as you think proper. The gratifications of ſociety, and the obſcurity of ſolitude, are now equally in your power; pleaſe your-

yourſelf and be content. If gaiety and diſſipation are your purſuits; it cannot be denied that they are a poor recompence for the loſs of domeſtic felicity: but as the latter is entirely out of your reach, you ſhould endeavour to make yourſelf eaſy. It is your own judgment alone that muſt lead you to obtaining that tranquility: which you may poſſibly find in the exulting joy of ſuccouring virtue in diſtreſs, merit in indigence and obſcurity; in wiping tears from the eyes of affliction, and in making *the widow's heart to leap for joy*. The ſerene complacency which ſprings in a good mind, on the exertion of benevolent principles, cannot be deſcribed; like the peace of God, it paſſeth knowledge. The Poet ſays,

It is a joy poſſeſs'd by few indeed!
Dame Fortune has ſo many fools to feed,

She cannot oft afford, with all her ſtore,
To yield her ſmiles, where nature ſmil'd before.
To ſinking worth a cordial hand to lend;
With better fortune to ſurpriſe a friend;
To chear the modeſt ſtranger's lonely ſtate;
Or ſnatch an orphan family from fate;
To do, poſſeſs'd with virtue's nobleſt fire,
Such gen'rous deeds, as we with tears admire.

ARMSTRONG.

"Thus you may evince the reality of your feelings, whilſt it is in vain for others in leſs affluent circumſtances to manifeſt their benevolence as they wiſh. Thus alſo, may you turn your huſband's (ill acquired) periſhable goods of fortune, into real bleſſings.

"Wealth not only gilds the preſent moments as they paſs; but, like the ſun, conſtantly ſupplies thoſe rays which cheriſh all on whom they fall, and conſtitutes an uninterrupted ſeries of felicity in the boſom of that perſon from whom they

they proceed: whilſt, on the contrary, the weight of poverty not only diſtreſſes a perſon for the preſent, but may perhaps prevent him from emerging into happineſs, and others from participating of that benevolence, which warrants the means of exemplifying its ſincerity. What muſt the poor man ſuffer, when the eye of friendſhip becomes inverted by his misfortunes in the world, and where he looks in vain around him for the benevolence of ſympathy, and the conſolations of human attachment!"

The firſt lady being diſmiſſed, permit me to introduce another.

"You married a coxcomb becauſe he flattered you; and rejected, for his ſake, a man of worth and good ſenſe, who had been long attached to you. You are now ſenſible of your error. Your

huſband has ceaſed to regard you, and has already other attachments. "Alas, (you ſay) for ſome time he neither loved, hated, talked, nor thought, in contradiction to me: he was controlled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and tranſported by a ſmile. I indulged the deluſion till it appeared a reality; and my ſanguine imagination converted ſhadows into ſubſtances. I am now puniſhed for my folly; the dream is vaniſhed, and I awake only to be ſenſible to the temporary deceit, and to feel the miſery of my ſituation. Why did I refuſe being placed in an eligible ſituation of life by a man of worth, who never indeed flattered me; as a military man, knew too much of death to be killed by a *frown*, but the full value of a *ſmile*; he expected to find in me a ſenſible woman, and an agreeable friend, and proved by his

his whole conduct how neceſſary I was to his happineſs.—But I ever felt for him a timidity that aſtoniſhed, as much as it perplexed me. It was impoſſible for me to ſpeak to him without an emotion that never left me room to hope I ſhould have the freedom of mind neceſſary to enable me clearly to expreſs my thoughts to him. With the man I married I was perfectly at my eaſe; I thought he loved me better; and, alas! I am too late convinced of the real ſituation of my heart: I did not know that timidity is inſeparable from love; and the high idea I had of his judgment and good ſenſe made me dread his diſapprobation; can there be a miſery in the world equal to that of ſtanding low in the eſteem of thoſe who poſſeſs our affections? No other man was ever maſter of his attractions, gentleneſs of man-

ners, and rectitude of heart; to be inſipidly eaſy, and to be free from the pangs of regret, would be a conſummate happineſs to what I feel. But the reſolution of forgetting him renders him ſtill dearer to me, and I have attached myſelf to him by renouncing him. I exhauſt myſelf in fruitleſs efforts; my ſufferings are great, but are known only to myſelf. Our affections are not in our own power, it is our actions only that we are accountable for; and I can juſtify my own. Provided I do not commit any imprudence, there can be no juſt reaſon of complaint againſt me. It is only my misfortune to be weak; and I have the courage to encounter miſery—and embrace the idea, with ardour, that, ſcorpion-like, *ſtings me to death!* Alas, how different is he from the fop I married! Evils,

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ſelf-cauſed, admit not of palliation or comfort. My huſband's behaviour to me already, reſembles the hurricanes of Jamaica; to the reſt of the ſex, as gentle as the breath of zephyrs. At home, I believe, huſbands make themſelves amends for the uneaſy reſtraint which they put on their tempers abroad; for, I have obſerved the more gay or good-humoured he hath at any time been in company, the more ſullen and moroſe he was ſure to be with me at our next meeting. Can delicate minds be united to each other but by delicate obſervances? Affection or eſteem between man and wife, once forfeited, hardly ever is recovered. The ſound arguments I could oppoſe to his ridiculous ideas, are too high for his underſtanding; and to diſpute with him, would be to check an *earthquake*, or to exclaim againſt

thunder. He is as ſheepiſh to men of wit, as he is aſſuming with men of little underſtanding. He diſcourſes of *war* to a *clergyman*, of *fortification* and *mathematics* to a *lawyer*, and of *philoſophy* to an *officer*. His barren capacity has enabled him to arrive no farther than at the moſt ſuperficial attainments, wherein, to do juſtice to ſuch kind of individuals, nature makes them ſome kind of amends, by generally qualifying them to ſurpaſs their ſuperiors in every other reſpect. His vivacity, which, properly applied, might have been true wit, has degenerated into impertinence; and a conſciouſneſs of underſtanding, which he never exerts, has rendered him conceited. Thoſe talents which nature beſtowed on him, by being perverted, have given riſe to his greateſt faults; his reaſoning faculty, by a partial and ſuperficial

uſe,

uſe, has led him to infidelity; and the deſire of being thought ſuperiorly diſtinguiſhed, has eſtabliſhed him an infidel."

—"As it is in vain for you now to regret a felicity which your ejected when in your power, it is abſolutely neceſſary for your peace, to forget (if poſſible) that ſuch an opportunity had ever offered itſelf to you; as ſuch recollections muſt inevitably ſour your temper. We are very apt to make a few men of ſuperior talents the ſtandard, when we judge of others; but it is dangerous, it is unjuſt: by this we are led to ſet an over-value on the firſt, and to under-rate the real merit of the laſt. Make no compariſons between the things you enjoy, and thoſe that are denied you, but by a candid view of many others, who pine in want, diſtreſs, and miſery; be grateful to Providence you ſtill have ſome remaining comforts.

" An emperor of Japan, born under the ſuppoſed conſtellation of a *dog*, conceived ſuch an affection for the canine ſpecies, that he ordered, whenever a dog died, the owner of him ſhould carry the carcaſs to a certain burying-ground appointed for that purpoſe. As a gentleman was one day ſweating under the load of a dead dog, and complaining of the hardſhip of the order; his friend, to comfort him ſaid, " We have reaſon to thank God, that the emperor was not born under a horſe, for a horſe would have been a much heavier burthen." In this manner a mind may be ſoothed in actual misfortunes. If your huſband makes you *tremble*, be thankful he does not make you *quake*.

" Turenne, among the acknowledgements which he uſed to pay in converſation, to the memory of thoſe by whom he

he was inſtructed in the art of war, mentioned one with honour, who taught him not to paſs his time in regretting any misfortune which he had brought on himſelf, but immediately to repair and obviate it. Fooliſh people are more apt to conſider what they have *loſt*, than what they *poſſeſs*; by which they render themſelves unhappy and diſagreeable to all thoſe they aſſociate with. A diſappointment in love has been obſerved to be more difficult to ſubdue than any other; the paſſion itſelf ſo ſoftens and ſubdues the heart, that it is unable to ſuſtain the ſhock; whereas the mind meets other misfortunes with her whole ſtrength, and can repel their force.

"It is in conſequence of this, many women are hurried to their graves, by a diſeaſe not mentioned in the weekly bills—*a broken heart*. Any thing of this kind,

kind, always makes a deeper impreſſion on a female mind, than on the other ſex; as the leſs liberty they have of ſhowing their diſſatisfaction outwardly, the more intenſe it is within.

"But grievances of this nature are only to be breathed in the ſofteſt whiſpers to the object, and are impenetrable to every one elſe. Tenderneſs is never ſo expreſſed; it is indeed, deeply ſenſible of unkindneſs, but it cannot be unkind; it may ſubſiſt with anger, but not with contempt; it may be weakened, or even killed by ingratitude, but it cannot be changed into hatred. Nothing can be a greater antidote to affection, than ſuch behaviour, or than the cauſe of it, which in reality is nothing but pride, though you would fain, perhaps, attribute it to tenderneſs and delicacy. There are ſome things of

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ſo delicate a nature, that they ought not to be truſted to any body. Married people ſhould not expoſe themſelves, even to their beſt friends, who will remember diſagreeable things, when the parties themſelves have forgot them.

"Your *real* ſufferings you brought on yourſelf, by rejecting a man of worth, whom (you knew ſo little of your own heart, as to be ignorant) you loved: your *imaginary* ſufferings from your huſband only piques your pride, but does not wound your heart? We pardon every thing where we love, and we can never put any *other* in competition, one inſtant, with the *real* object of our affections. You muſt now be content to exchange your ideas of romantic felicity, for the real cares of life. There are few ſo fortunate as to be married to the man of their heart: and if they were, how

how often would they find the ſatisfaction reſulting from thence, fall ſhort of their expectations. Thoſe who expect to Strephon and Phyllis *it* away all their lives, know very little of the world or the nature of man. The poet ſays,

"We muſt think men are not Gods;
Nor of them look for ſuch obſervance always,
As fits the bridal."

"From what do your diſapointments proceed? From your own ignorance, in expecting *what* was *not* to be found. It is *fancy*, not the *reaſon* of things, which renders life ſo uneaſy to us. We have a great *deal more* reaſon in general to complain of our *falſe notions*, than of our *fortune*. It is not the place, not the condition, but the mind alone, which can render any perſon happy or miſerable. You ſhould keep you mind buſy;

buſy; no fine lady had ever more occaſion to exclude thought.

"Avoid the man's company, who is too intereſting for your peace; and never forget there are trials, to which even Virtue would do well never to expoſe herſelf. How dangerous it is to imagine, which the conſciouſneſs of your own innocence prompts you to do, that your actions are in your power; therefore you may ſee this man with impunity! In avoiding him, you will render yourſelf invulnerable to all the reſt of the ſex.

"Reaſon and piety, when united, are very prevalent; and, with their aſſiſtance, you will reſtrain you affection within the bounds of friendſhip; what is required of you is not above *human abilities*; it is only to renounce *certain weakneſſes*; it is almoſt a matter of indifference

difference to happineſs, whether high paſſions are *gratified* or *ſubdued*. The ſoul is pleaſed with its efforts, and, provided it is exerted, it ſignifies little though its activity ſhould be turned againſt itſelf. We muſt always have ſomething to be the foundation of ſelf-applauſe. It is only for weak minds, like weak conſtitutions, not to expel the poiſon they have once imbibed. But your eſtabliſhed ſuperiority over that claſs, furniſhes you not with that excuſe.

"You are eaſy in your circumſtances, no envenomed ſhaft has been let fly againſt your reputation; and your huſband treats you with apparent civility. The very beſt policy you can adopt, is to appear ignorant of his infidelities, which may induce him ſtill to ſome terms of condeſcenſion; on the contrary, did he know you were undeceived, you would

would ſave him the trouble of wearing a maſk; and your own life, from that inſtant, would be a varied ſcene of mortifications.

"A woman diveſted of paſſion, can accommodate herſelf with facility to all ſorts of diſpoſition and humours. The duties of a wife vary with the diſpoſitions of her huſband. As your's has a *gay turn*, you ſhould appear always *chearful* and *eaſy*: hard taſk perhaps to an ingenuous mind! yet prudence has ſupported many perſons in this attempt. Philoſophy conſiſts in an application of its dictates to our immediate ſituation, and calls upon us to give a proof of its efficacy by our practice. In the heathen ſolemnization of marriage, ſacrifices were offered to Juno, who preſided over it. The *gall* of the *victim* was thrown behind the altar, to ſhow no bitterneſs

ought to exiſt between married perſons. It is true your huſband is a conſummate coxcomb, but he is not more ſo now than he was before, when you (ſlighted the man of your heart, and) gave him your hand. As you were *then blind* to his imperfections, it is your duty *now* to be *indulgent* to his weakneſſes. It is infinitely more amiable in our ſex to ſubmit, and to alleviate misfortunes by relaxation, inſtead of paſſing our whole life in lamenting them. Paſſions are always encreaſed by oppoſition; our very ſufferings endear us to thoſe who are the occaſion of them. You ſhould therefore endeavour to amuſe yourſelf, and keep your mind conſtantly exerciſed. That one happineſs is denied you, is but a bad reaſon for rejecting all others.

"It matters not whether your good-humour be conſtrued into *inſenſibility*, or

or even *ideotiſm*, by the world. It will be a happineſs to yourſelf, and it would be exceſs of imbecillity to meaſure your felicity by what the world thinks of it.

"The French are to be admired for their chearful acquieſcence in all conditions, which is ſuch, that it muſt be a ſevere ſtroke which ruffles their equanimity; amidſt the moſt induſtrious care for *to-morrow*, they never fail to enjoy *to-day*; and the ſame hilarity is ſeen in the camp, court, and village, as if the whole nation were upon a par, and every man at the ſummit of his wiſhes.

"Theſe are the flowers ſtrewed in our paths, and worth gathering, though not ſubſtantially valuable; and if the purſuit of them does not draw us out of the right road to happineſs, they may ſerve to amuſe us, and keep the mind from a ſtate of ſtagnation.

"This alſo will inſenſibly bring about a happy effect in your conduct. The tranſition from external modes of complaiſance and condeſcenſion, in matters of ſmall moment, to obedience and ſubmiſſion in eſſential points, will in proceſs of time, without much difficulty, be completely accompliſhed; from that natural proneneſs to analogy and correſpondence ſo powerfully ſubſiſting between all our actions." I ever am,

my dear friend,

your affectionate

humble ſervant,

ELIZA DE CRUI.

LETTER XXVII.

From the Same, to the Same.

DEAR MADAM,

I Am happy you were pleaſed with my laſt, which encourages me to re-aſſume the ſubject.—"You are poſſeſſed of exquiſite ſenſibility and good ſenſe. You reſiſted every attention from the gay, the giddy, and the frivolous; perceiving the deficiencies of their judgments, and ignorant of the ſtrength of your own, you was unwilling to enter life without a guide, whoſe judgment was equal to the deſire that he might naturally be ſuppoſed to have, to conduct you through all the various paths in which you might be obliged to walk. An aſſiſtance you had always expected from

a huſband, and thought even a neceſſary part of that character. You therefore reſigned your hand with joy to an agreeable man, whoſe underſtanding and philoſophy, you flattered yourſelf, would ſecure your happineſs; and would procure you an endleſs ſource of rational felicity and reaſonable pleaſures.

"But alas! (you exclaim) his philoſophy has made him callous; the greateſt purpoſe of his life has been to render himſelf indifferent to the world and all its concerns. He feels no melting fondneſs, nor any of thoſe laudable joys which nature annexes to the power of pleaſing; and is deficient in all thoſe little attentions, which are of ſo much value in the intercourſe of ſouls.

"With whatever endearing affection or tender ſolicitude I endeavour to pleaſe him, his principles will not permit

him

him to make me equal returns. His tenderneſs for me is too rational. I would have it to be more lively, and more like my own. For one impreſſion he is capable of receiving, my heart is agitated by ten thouſand. Thus am I under the torture deviſed by Mezentius, a living body tied to a dead one, and I ſhould think as ſoon of mollifying a rock as moving him. Is it poſſible for philoſophy, which is called the ſcience of wiſdom, to deſtroy all ſenſibility in the men who make it their employment? Is not his indifference for me, the fruit of a dry ſpeculation, that ought not to extinguiſh the ſenſations of the heart; which all nations, by common conſent, regard as ſacred, juſt, and indiſpenſable? But he thinks it below him to yield to any thing but geometrical truths and demonſtrations. After his friends have

exhauſted all their good-will to oblige him, he can only be prevailed on, *not* to be their enemy. Why was I ſo unfortunate, out of prudence, to place my affections on a man ſo unfeeling and inſenſible? who dreams away the lagging hours of life in one dead calm of joyleſs inſipity, dead to every thing but thoſe corporeal ſenſations, which, whether of pain or pleaſure, are beneath the regard of a rational creature.

"Warmth of temper is alone productive of every extraordinary exertion of the human mind, and the proper foil of genius and the virtues. But he is a ſtoic, and will travel through life his whole tedious journey to the grave, unconſcious and incapable of taſting more than the dull eaſe reſulting from a kind of negative happineſs. His ſcheme is that of independence, to in-

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ſure happineſs by the conſtant and diligent avoidance of ſatiety. But becauſe there is no pleaſure in life without its alloy, muſt we deprive ourſelves of every thing, renounce every thing? If I were indifferent to him, his being ſo might do very well; and we might live on together, in that eternal *ennui*, which muſt ever ſubſiſt between a married couple, who have no affection for each other. But whom, while good temper and prudence enable to dream away a dull life in peace and inſenſibility, the world may think *very happy*. But as I love him, his indifference renders me miſerable."

"What right have you to repine at your huſband's want of ſenſibility? You had not the leaſt room to expect it ſhould be otherwiſe. Had you ſtudied the philoſophy of the human mind,

mind, you would have been better informed what to expect from every one, and by contracting their views within the bounds of probability, might have had ſome chance for obtaining happineſs and contentment.

"If a man poſſeſſes a ſtoical apathy of ſoul, he acts independent of the opinion of the world, and fulfils every duty with a mathematical exactneſs: can one then be diſappointed if that man is not greatly influenced by the ſenſations of pity, endearments of love, or the partialities of friendſhip. If theſe diſpoſitions do not correſpond with the livelineſs of your own ſentiments, you are relieved from mortifications, which, (were he poſſeſſed of oppoſite qualifications,) you might have experienced. Souls are ſubject to phyſical laws, and receive their character from organization. Were we intimately

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acquainted with the ſituation of others, and how much their enjoyment falls ſhort of their apparent happineſs; it might probably diveſt us entirely of envy. Dr. Young tells us, more hearts pine away in ſecret anguiſh, for an unkind treatment from thoſe who ſhould be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life. But is not a wife poſſeſſed of ten thouſand different ways of endearing herſelf; every condeſcenſion in your part to the object of your affections, is a gratification to yourſelf. The only revenge I would wiſh you to practiſe on him, is to eradicate his philoſophy. If we take a view of men of merit, who have reſiſted the impreſſions of tenderneſs, to thoſe of our ſex they were partial to, we ſhall find that their hearts were not fixed by an attachment to one *ſingle* object: and that change-

changeableneſs and inconſtancy have ſecured to them the firmneſs of their opinions, and ſupported their politics againſt this amiable weakneſs. Judging love no longer *a pleaſure*, than when it is *a jeſt*. But your ſtoic being only attached to you, it will depend on yourſelf to render him ſuſceptible of every impreſſion you would wiſh to make on him. A true philoſopher is a man, and glories in being ſo—Wiſdom never contradicts nature, but when nature is in the wrong. Though it is not certainly the intention of Lucan, to exalt the character of Cæſar, yet the idea he gives of that hero, in the tenth book of the Pharſalia, is in reality the nobleſt panegyric, where he deſcribes him, at the ſame time making love to Cleopatra, ſuſtaining a ſiege againſt the power of Egypt, and converſing with the ſages

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of the country. Conform yourſelf to your huſband's humour; perhaps in a ſhort time you may have the glory of having an apoſtate Plato ſighing with apprehenſions, if you are indiſpoſed, or melted into tenderneſs for a beloved child you may preſent him with. Was not Hercules governed like a child by Omphale? Sampſon was a ſlave to Dalilah: the magnanimous Achilles wept for his fair Briſeis: and hiſtory, both ancient and modern, abounds with examples to the ſame purpoſe.

But all your good ſenſe aims at, is to inſpire him with greater tenderneſs for you, which I dare ſay you will effect. Mere *beauty* has no power over ſuch kind of men; but a woman of *ſenſe*, *knowledge*, and *good-nature*, is ſure to engage their hearts: if, as I obſerved before, his attentions are not divided; for

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in ſuch a caſe, a woman has no chance, *nor is it at all worth her attention.* But it may not be improper to remind you, nature has been ſo wiſe in conſtructing us, that when we would be bleſſed beyond the pale of reaſon, our happineſs becomes leſs perfect in proportion to the exceſs of ſuch deſires. "The more exquiſite any good is, ſays Mr. Hume, of which a ſmall ſpecimen is afforded us, the ſharper is the evil allied to it; and few exceptions are found to this uniform law of nature. The moſt ſprightly wit borders on madneſs, the higheſt effuſions of joy produce the deepeſt melancholy; the moſt raviſhing pleaſures are attended with the moſt cruel laſſitude and diſguſt; the moſt flattering hopes make way for the ſevereſt diſappointments; and in general, (for happineſs is not to be dreamed of)

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no courſe of life has ſo much ſafety, as the temperate and moderate, which maintains, as far as poſſible, a mediocrity, and a kind of inſenſibily in every thing. So juſtly does the poet obſerve,

The violence of either grief, or joy,
Their own enactures with themſelves deſtroy.
Grief joys, joy grieves, on ſlender accident.

How preferable is your ſituation to Lady Fribble's: in what manner does her Lord lay out the faculties of an immortal ſoul? What is his ſerious labour, ardent deſire, and reigning ambition? *To be ſeen*, and diſtinguiſhed for his magnificence! In how much more eligible manner does your philoſopher paſs his time, who acts up to the principles of reaſon and virtue? If we conſider him, as taking in the ſyſtem of the univerſe, obſerving the mutual dependence and harmony by which the whole frame of

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it hangs together; raiſing his thoughts with magnificent ideas of Providence; does he not make a nobler figure in the eye of an intelligent being, than the moſt diſtinguiſhed in titles and fortune."

"You are a lively agreeable young lady, your huſband has a good fortune, and you preferred him to ſome others: Why do you appear ſo miſerable? Alas! he is of a very different diſpoſition from what I flattered myſelf he was poſſeſſed of: many have been perverſe, but he is perverſeneſs itſelf. The cataracts of the Nile are not leſs eaſily ſtopt than his reſolutions. His temper is a mixture of paſſions and peeviſhneſs, two things that ſeldom go together; but he frets himſelf into a paſſion, and then, through wearineſs of ſpirits, cools into fretfulneſs, till he is ſufficiently recovered to riſe again into rage. This is the common courſe

of

of his temper, which affords variety, but no relief. If I careſs my beloved child, he grudges me the maternal joy: the child is to be ſent to the *country* for *air*, or to *town* for *education*, though only two years old; if I like my houſe, it is *to be ſold*; if I ride on horſeback, he never ſaw any good come of *equeſtrian ladies*; if I ſtay at home and read, all *learned women go to the devil*; if I am reſerved to his men friends, *I am rude*; if commonly civil, *I am in love with them*. Jealouſy is as little conſiſtent with true love, as fear is with the conſciouſneſs of one's own ſtrength. A huſband puts his own honour in doubt when he ſhews too much concern, and every one will take the freedom to put their own conſtructions upon the actions of a married woman, when they ſee her huſband examine and obſerve her with too much

attention. If I am dreſſed well, *it is for conqueſt*; if negligently, *I have now no deſire to pleaſe him*; if endearing, *I am childiſh*; if more reſerved, *ſullen*: one moment he is out of humour if *I ſpeak*, the next offended at *my ſilence*: and is perpetually finding fault with my moſt juſtifiable conduct. In ſhort, deſpairing of pleaſing him, I relinquiſh the idea, though I ſtill entertain a ſincere affection for him: but it is as impoſſible to unite our ſentiments, as to form a league between fire and water; the ſmalleſt deviations from his rules are crimes. No clock-work moves with greater exactneſs than our family; every minute fulfils it deſtiny, and turns round its own axis, with our houſhold. He is poſſeſſed of that kind of unhappy prudence, which always anticipates misfortunes. My life is a ſcene of miſery,

I am

I am in continual terror of diſpleaſing him; and when we fear more than we love, I am afraid we are not far from hating."

"As there was a great diſparity in your ages, you had no manner of right to expect your huſband would continue after marriage to partake of your juvenile amuſements. Is it not then your duty to relinquiſh them, to render yourſelf more ſuitable to him? There is not ſurely a general axiom more ſacredly true, than we are eſſentially happier by virtuous ſacrifices, than by weak indulgences.

"His habits being more confirmed than yours, it is eaſier for you to conform to his humour, than it would be for him to comply with yours: and excluſive of its being the province of our ſex to make conceſſions, your huſband would render

himſelf *leſs* reſpectable at his time of life by ſuch amuſements, while you *add* to your *dignity* by reſigning them: it can never be too ſoon to adopt the wiſdom of age; but it becomes very ſoon neceſſary to relinquiſh the follies of youth, in order to be reſpectable in maturity. Diſtruſt, jealouſy, and caution, are the uſual attendants of age. Theſe, the unthinking livelineſs of your diſpoſition may have increaſed. It would undoubtedly be beſt if we could hear and ſee every thing as it is, that nothing might be too anxiouſly dreaded, or too ardently purſued: but it is the diſpoſition and temper of the mind that render particular people prone to this paſſion. Jealouſy, and abſence in love (Mr. Hume tells us,) compoſe the *dolce piccante* of the Italians, which they ſuppoſe ſo eſſential to all pleaſures." And Dr. Gregory

gory ſays, "violent love cannot ſubſiſt, at leaſt cannot be expreſſed, for any time together, on both ſides; otherwiſe the certain conſequence, however concealed, is ſatiety and diſguſt." The ſtill burning vulcanos are generally ſituated in the midſt of the ſea, in iſlands, or near the ſea-coaſt, and even ſeem to want ſea-water, to raiſe and ſupport their very flames*. This being an invariable rule, nature muſt lay the reſerve on our ſex. But if it is neceſſary to abſtain from enjoyment, to be happy in this world; we look for a better, which promiſes to gratify our deſires without eradicating them. How prone men of moſt countries have been to jealouſy, may be ſeen in Arioſto's Bradamante, Gonſale's Auriſtilla, and Shakeſpeare's

* See Raſpe's Account of German Vulcanos.

Othello. But when it proceeds from love it is flattering,

" The faults of love, by love are juſtify'd."

" But it is to be confeſſed, with a man of your huſband's diſpoſition, it is very difficult to know in what manner to act: great firmneſs and reſolution are neceſſary to the diſcharge of your duty; and it is a very unhappy ſtate where ſuch ſtruggles often happen, as, in the end, it too frequently ſours the temper. But allow me to obſerve, that paſſionate men generally are not ſo bad as we imagine, for if they are *angry* one day without any cauſe, they will the next be as *kind* without any reaſon. As your affection has hitherto reſiſted all his abſurdities, perſevere, and try different methods to wean them from him: and never forget, that the greateſt *abuſe* from a man

a man you love, is preferable to the *fondneſs* of one that you diſlike. I would endeavour to procure, with his conſent, a female companion to live with you, choſen rather out of his connections than your own. Is there not ſomething even flattering to virtue itſelf, to have a conſtant witneſs to approve our conduct? And there does not ſeem to be any room for ſuppoſing that ſuch a perſon will be *de trop* in your *tête-a-têtes*. Nature has wiſely furniſhed every animal with a ſafeguard to its moſt vulnerable part, which the hunters who purſue, always obſerve by the care they take to conceal it. Our timidity expoſes our weakneſs, and renders men who are cowards, tyrants; but have we not a natural defence againſt the abuſe of their power, by applying that ſoft and inſinuating addreſs which enables us to controul it,

and even transfer it to ourſelves? Do they not allow that women have more ſtrength in their looks than men in their laws, and more power in their tears than men in their arguments? But if you find this mode of behaviour will not ſuit your tyrant; and that he perſiſts in his injurious treatment of you, in conſequence of his ſuſpicions, contrary to the conviction of his own ſenſes, you muſt then try another method with him; for we ſhall often be deceived, if we expect men to quit an opinion as ſoon as the cauſe which produced it is removed; as the *turbulent* ſea will by no means loſe its turbulence with the ſtorm that occaſioned it.—— In the natural world, ſtorms are abſolutely neceſſary. So great are the uſe of the winds, and of ſuch abſolute neceſſity are they to the ſalubrity of the atmo-

moſphere, that all the world would be poiſoned without theſe agitations. But the perpetual commotions it receives from the gales and ſtorms keep it pure and healthful. In like manner, perhaps, a little variety of behaviour on your part may be neceſſary. Solſtitial rains is the very worſt he has met with, perhaps an equinoctial hurricane is neceſſary to his ſalubrity; ſubmit to offer this violence to your nature and ſweetneſs of diſpoſition. You have hitherto been ſo gentle, ſo reaſonable, and ſo obedient, that you have even deprived him of the pleaſure of altercation with you, which would have afforded him the higheſt ſatisfaction. In muſic it is very faulty to make two perfect concords, one immediately following the other, inſomuch that it diſpleaſes the ear, which is frequently delighted with a ſecond, or a ſeventh,

ſeventh, which in itſelf is *intolerable*. The the reaſon of which is, becauſe the continuance of the perfect tones occaſions ſatiety, and produces too nice a harmony, which is avoided by mixing the imperfect with it.

" Believe me, you cannot either pleaſe him, or ſerve yourſelf more effectually, than by indulging him with ſmall occaſions of offence. By theſe he will ſufficiently exerciſe the turbulence of his paſſions, and deter him from cenſuring you in matters of conſequence. The conſciouſneſs of the part you are acting will prevent you from carrying it too far, and on him it will produce the happieſt effects. On the recollection of his differences with you, he will have a ſhew of reaſon on his ſide; this will lead him inſenſibly to a habit of reflection (which ſelf-love renders inadmiſſible at preſent):

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in the mean time, the conceſſions you will make from time to time of your errors (which it was impoſſible for you to make before, when you had none) will confirm him in the juſtneſs of his opinions, and of your probity.

"Can any thing be more neceſſary to render him ſenſible of your merit and his own happineſs? Surely there cannot be a greater ſuffering, than to ſtand low in the opinion of any perſon who has a great ſhare in our affections. Would we not therefore do every thing in our power, to obviate any jealouſies entertained againſt us. I believe true love (like true virtue) has this advantage, that it is rewarded by every ſacrifice we make to it; and that in ſome meaſure we enjoy the privations we impoſe on ourſelves, in the very idea of what they coſt us, as well as of the motives

tives by which we are induced to them. Is it not in the power of a huſband to reconcile his wife, if ſhe tenderly loves him, to any place or plan of life he is in, or likes himſelf? That woman who murmurs at ſituation, want of gaieties, &c. does not love her huſband. We think we purſue our own will, when we purſue the will of thoſe we love. Love and grief are the only two paſſions that can fill the immenſe void of the heart. Senſibility may occupy the ſoul entirely; the underſtanding never can: for to enable the underſtanding to judge, there muſt be at leaſt two ſenſations preſent in the mind, the ſubject and the attribute.

"Juno, I have already ſaid, is ſtyled the goddeſs of marriage, which piece of mythology I fear is but too true; as there ſeems to be an unlucky moral implied

plied in the fable, by there being ſo few happy ones. The firſt match ſhe is recorded to have made, by the poets, is that for Æolus, the god of ſtorms and tempeſts. I was very much pleaſed with a Turkiſh fable I lately met with, in which Solomon the Great, (ſays the ſtory) after the building of that magnificent temple, ſo renowned in hiſtory, cauſed alſo a ſuperb palace to be erected for his reſidence. Birds of every kind aſſembled at this palace, and, in proceſs of time, the gift of ſpeech was beſtowed on them.

"Among the feathered throng was an old ſparrow, who had a young mate with whom he was conſtantly bickering and quarreling; Solomon took great delight in liſtening to the diſcourſe of his aviary, (for the great as well as ourſelves, are ſometimes pleaſed with trifling amuſe-

amuſements.) One day the old ſparrow, being more than ordinarily exaſperated againſt his lady, burſt out in the moſt threatening manner, "Wicked huſſey! dread my reſentment! provoke me farther, and I will bring this palace about thy head, under the ruins of which, thou ſhalt remain cruſhed to death, and there find an everlaſting ſepulchre! Thou knoweſt not the extent of my powers." The poor ignorant female, unacquainted with the nature of things, believed what he ſaid, trembled, and was mute. Solomon, who had been liſtening all the while, beckoned the angry bird to perch upon his finger, and ſpoke to him as follows: "Moſt puiſſant ſparrow, I am as ignorant of thy power, as that little female thou haſt intimidated; inform me, I pray thee, what means thou propoſeſt to make uſe of to deſtroy

ſuch

ſuch a maſſy pile of building, as that in which I now reſide?" The ſparrow, reduced to the moſt humiliating ſituation, anſwered thus: "Great king, thou haſt overhead a diſcourſe I did not intend for thy ear, and thereby brought me into a ſtate of the greateſt confuſion! I know perfectly well my own capacities, and that I am a ſmall and feeble bird; but *let me, I conjure you, O King! play the bravo with my own wife.*"

I ever am,

my dear Mrs. Pierpont,

moſt affectionately yours,

ELIZA DE CRUI.

LETTER XXVIII.

From the Same, to the Same.

DEAR MADAM,

ALLOW me now to a preſent you the two laſt ladies, as a farther illuſtration of the ſubject.

" Your paſſion was to be eſteemed learned; you married a fool and a rake, flattering yourſelf with the female maxim, that a reformed rake makes the beſt huſband, and that a fool is eaſily managed. You now by experience diſcover your error, and are convinced a reformed rake can never be virtuous; and that a fool is poſitive, and jealous of his authority; whereas a man of ſenſe, thinks trifles not worth his attention.

" Alas

" Alas! (you ſay) it is impoſſible to convince a fool of his folly. I acknowledge I neither thought him wiſe or learned; but he has now the affectation of both. If we have a taſte for any particular ſubject, we may do very well with a perſon who has none at all; but one who has only a ſmattering of it is intolerable. He aſſumes the title of a man of letters, without having been at ſchool. Upon ſome people he has impoſed, becauſe there are ſome as ignorant and fooliſh as himſelf. He ſays he is a member of every univerſity in Europe; and I firmly believe, if they were jointly to contradict him, he would have the impudence to perſiſt in it, but in terms utterly deſtructive to his pretenſions.

He has not only a *weak* head, but a corrupt *heart*; and is of a temper that can neither bear reproof nor advice. I

ſee into his ſoul, and find there ſuch a void, both of religion and morality, that I am equally ſhocked in my apprehenſions of his fate here, and hereafter.

Where miſery is conſtantly ſhifting from one ſcene to another, the pleaſures of reflection can ſeldom have leiſure to play. He is diſſipating his fortune as faſt as he can, without enjoying or obtaining any thing but contempt. Is there not more money given to be laughed at, than for any one thing in the world; though the purchaſers do not think ſo? If in his finances he is made eaſy for the preſent, he does not care for to-morrow; and it is an invariable maxim of mine, *whoever breaks through all œconomy, will ſoon diſcard honeſty.* He regrets nothing but the want of money; has no other feelings but what proceeds from the gratification of his paſſions; and lays frequently on me ſuch commands as would

would be highly injurious for me to obey.

" A Greenlander would as ſoon renounce the eternal ice of the pole, a Negro the ſuffocating heat of the line, as a fool his ridiculous connexions of folly.

" I am now ſenſible of my error: there is a ſecret and involuntary ſympathy, that attaches us to generous minds—are not our affections inſeparably rivetted by eſteem, and in that caſe may we not defy even time itſelf to break the charming tye! O why am not I bound in ſuch a chain?"

" Becauſe you judged otherwiſe when you made your choice. To love a *clown* may be a treſpaſs againſt *opinion*, but to love a *fop* is a ſin againſt *nature*. If the boaſted power of reaſon is very impotent, and thoſe who rely

moſt on it have generally the mortification to find the inſufficiency of it; what could you expect from folly? Can one farther pity you, notwithſtanding your boaſted knowledge, than for your ignorance? If a man plants a *turnep*, has he any right for compaſſion when he is diſappointed in not finding it a *pine-apple?* May we not ſay of you, what Feſtus unjuſtly ſaid to St. Paul, *Thy much learning doth make thee mad.* You pique yourſelf on a little knowledge; of what avail is it, if it has not made you wiſer and better? You married a man you deſpiſed, in order to ſhow your ſuperiority of underſtanding, which I have this very ſufficient reaſon to deny you poſſeſs—*becauſe you affect to ſhow it.* The greateſt proof of folly appears in an affectation of learning in a woman, or talking technically. There

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are many caſes in which ſimplicity is the greateſt refinement. From our common education we have not had information ſufficient to controvert men's opinions relative to many points, upon which we ſhould therefore never attempt to ſhine in converſation.

" What buſineſs has your huſband, who is incapable of reliſhing it, with your overgrown knowledge, the depth of your judgment, or the extent of your learning; if you are *not* poſſeſſed of a ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, and a ſtrict attention to the œconomy of your famiiy; if you do not the greateſt juſtice to what is laudable in him, while you throw a veil over his follies?

" How meritorious are the ſoft, the gentle ſufferings of a virtuous woman, who never torments her huſband with complaints, but patiently waits the re-

turn of his reaſon, which will lead him to a ſenſe of his faults, and the injuſtice he has done her. Jealouſy and diſtruſt are the bane of love, whoſe eſſence is eſteem and confidence. But if jealouſy is expreſſed by unkind upbraidings, or what is worſe, by cold haughty looks, and inſolent contempt, it can hardly fail, if often repeated, to realize the miſfortune, which at firſt perhaps was only imaginary. But at the ſame time you muſt act conformable to *your* character, though he does not ſupport the dignity of *his*. All his commands that are inconſiſtent with prudence, or incompatible with the rank and character you ought to maintain in life; it is your duty to refuſe, as a compliance would be criminal; and it might thereby ſubject you to general cenſure. For a man capable of requiring from his wife what he knows to be in itſelf wrong, is equal-

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ly capable of throwing the whole blame of ſuch miſconduct on her; and afterwards of upbraiding her for a behaviour, to which he, upon the ſame principles, will diſown he has been acceſſary.

" If poverty becomes the conſequence of his irregularities, there is no contending with neceſſity. But each ſtate has its trials, and whilſt your patience is tried by it; the riches of the great are trials of their temperance, humility, and humanity. Had you no misfortunes to ſtruggle with, your age and compliant temper might have ſeduced you into diſſipation, and might have deprived you of all the heart-felt joys you now daily experience, in a conſcious exerciſe of your duties. Zeno thanked God for his bad fortune, which made him a philoſopher. Does it not place one above the vanity to which the proſperous de-

liver themſelves up to with ſuch ardour? The internal reſources you have, will attend you in every ſituation, and prove a happineſs to you under the direction of reaſon.

"If you lament, in this ſituation, that the world forſakes you, believe me it is groundleſs. Adverſity does not take from us our *real friends*; it only releaſes us from thoſe who pretended to *be ſuch*.

"You remember, when Jaſon repudiates Medea to marry Creuſa, daughter to Creon, king of Corinth, Medea is enraged and threatens to deſtroy all. She is told it is not in her power; that her huſband is unfaithful, and ſhe has nothing left: "Yes, anſwered ſhe, Medea is left."

"Your greateſt unhappineſs will ariſe from being under a neceſſity of ſubmitting to do many things you diſlike; is not this

this a proof how tender we ſhould be of cenſuring others? It is *one* thing to be at liberty to do what we pleaſe, and *another* to be tied up to do what we muſt. Few are enabled thoroughly to judge of any perſon's conduct. The miſeries of life prove greater or leſs, in proportion as we lay them to heart? Many things are inſupportable, only becauſe we are weak! A well-diſpoſed mind is the only treaſure we can poſſeſs. All other goods are unſtable; and if they were more permanent, we ſhould either grow weary of them, or live in apprehenſion of loſing them at laſt. Does not all fear conſiſt in dread of future misfortune, and does not the various ſtates and conditions of men differ more in name than reality? Seneca ſays, "great riches only make us change the nature of our uneaſineſs." Has he not reaſon, for the

envy,

envy, inquietude, and fear which accompanies it, differs little from the miſery to which poverty expoſes us. None are made to ſuffer above what they *can*, and therefore *ought* to bear. Have we not all reaſon to remain contented with the diſpoſition of Providence?

"When you conſider, the plagues of the diſcreet proceed from *other people*, and thoſe of the indiſcreet from *themſelves*, you will ſit down with a juſt compliment to yourſelf, and be content. Succeſs having attended ſome, who imagined that the only cauſe of their unhappineſs was the want of riches; experience teaches them, that if there is an art which can procure to us happineſs, there is ſtill one much more difficult and more rarely to be met with—The art of making a proper uſe of theſe means. Gaiety is a better reſource againſt poverty

verty than riches againſt melancholy. When we pity thoſe who are in ſickneſs, diſtreſs, or any other temporal afflictions; let us remember how much worſe it is with the gay ſinner; with thoſe who are given over to a reprobate ſenſe, and are cut off in the midſt of their wickedneſs."

"You married a man of ſmall fortune, but one whom your reaſon approved, and your heart loved; and for his ſake you rejected a man of fortune. You are perfectly happy; but — "Is it not, you ſay, ſome reproach on the œconomy of Providence, that ſuch perſons as Lady ——, who have not hearts ſuſceptible of tender emotions, taſtes to enjoy, or diſcernment to approve, ſhould poſſeſs ſuch advantages of fortune, while I am deſtined to practiſe the ſtricteſt œconomy.

Tell

Tell me why, good Heav'n
Thou mad'ſt me what I am, with all the ſpirit,
Aſpiring thoughts, and elegant deſires,
That fill the happieſt man? Ah rather why
Didſt thou not form me ſordid as my fate,
Baſe-minded, dull, and fit to carry burthens?

OTWAY.

"Why was this heart of mine formed with ſo much ſenſibility! Or why was not my fortune adapted to its propenſities! Tenderneſs, without the capacity of relieving, only makes the perſon more wretched than the objects who ſue for aſſiſtance."

"Happineſs is as likely to be found in a moderate fortune as in a large one: your's is ſufficient for thoſe who mean to live the life of reaſon. Imaginary wants indeed perpetually diſtreſs the under-thinking part of mankind; which are the hardeſt to bear: real neceſſities may be

be relieved by the friendſhip and humanity of others—But who can adminiſter conſolation to a diſtempered mind, inſenſible of real enjoyments, and eagerly graſping at ſhadows? The number of the artificial paſſions greatly exceeds that of the ſenſual. The latter are limited to the number of our ſenſes; whereas the former, being the effect of opinion, are infinite; for the mind is inceſſantly active, and ever prone to invent novelties.

"Lady ——, whom you mention, has not thoſe delicate feelings, you ſay ſhe is defective in; otherwiſe, like you, ſhe would have made a happier choice, and not have ſacrificed her felicity, in making it depend on ſo deſpicable an object as her lord. Will you then envy her bargain? Will you wear the mein of diſcontent in her preſence becauſe

cauſe ſhe outſhines you in equipage, dreſs, and pomp? Exert your ideas with a noble confidence, and think that although you have not theſe things, it is becauſe you have not ſought, becauſe you have not deſired them. "I poſſeſs, (you ſay) however ſomething better; I have choſen my lot, and am ſatisfied: I live in that ſweet tranquility, known only to thoſe, whom the ſmallneſs of their fortune obliges to moderate their deſires, which may be looked on as the ſource of true felicity. I am the happieſt of women; Lady —— is a ſtranger to that delightful union of hearts, the ſympathy of ſouls, which inſure my tranquility. Happy in one another, we never regret the loſs of noiſy ſcenes of diſſipation, into which the heart never enters; where they meet without being impelled by affection,

and

and part without ſolicitude; it is neither taſte, the heart, nor even the hope of pleaſure, unites them. Nor is it equality of rank, fortune, cuſtom, but wearineſs of themſelves, and that neceſſity of diſſipation which they feel perpetually, and which ſeems attached to riches and ſplendour, that produce their conjunction. Diogenes went about the city of Athens, begging to the ſtatues: being aſked the reaſon, he ſaid he was learning to bear a repulſe. Diſſipated people ſhould learn the ſame leſſon. Can any ſtatue be deafer than moſt of their purſuits when they ſolicit for real pleaſure. A wretch in poſſeſſion of the reputed means of happineſs, without enjoying it, would of all objects be the moſt ridiculous, were he not the moſt melancholy too. It being difficult to avoid vices in polite circles, where they

they have found the contemptible art of forgiving mutually every defect of the heart. The late Lord L——, at the Duke of B— —'s maſqueraded, ſaid, that he had been in ſearch of joy the whole night, but that it was always in the next room.

This coy goddeſs, from ſtage to ſtage
Invites us ſtill, but ſhifts as we purſue.

ARMSTRONG.

Does not the faſhionable world toil inceſſantly, to appear in a conſpicuous light, and are they not loſt in the multitude, and find their recompence very inadequate to their labours? On the contrary, in how eligible a ſituation am I placed, in a more retired way of life. My felicity depends on the affections of my huſband, and the ſocial intercourſe of a few friends. I enjoy

joy all my wiſhes; all my attempts to moral excellence are centered in the hopes of rendering myſelf every day more and more worthy of the eſteem of him I love, and by whom I am beloved. All is calm content, heart-felf joy; every hour gives pleaſure as it paſſes, and ſatisfaction. Do not ſuppoſe I am weak enough to expect that my huſband will be always my lover, though he has hitherto not laid aſide that character. Paſſion muſt decay: I expect his will do ſo; and though it may be impoſſible not to wiſh the lover might always remain, yet I hope I ſhall never ſhew I am grieved when he is turned into a ſober huſband, but conſider it as the neceſſary condition of humanity. The gracious ſmile, the heart-felt tenderneſs, the look of affection, the repoſe in thoſe we love, impart more ſo-

lid conſolation than all other acquirements on earth can give without them. In ſuch a ſtate, a woman's affections for her huſband is compoſed of a mixture of fondneſs, a deference to his authority, and a confidence in his protection: from which ariſes the auſpicious combination of complacency, condeſcenſion, and politeneſs. She is penetrated with a ſenſation inexpreſſible by words, ſimilar to that with which an infant is impreſſed towards his parents; while a huſband is under the influence of that pathetic endearment, with which parents are affected towards their progeny. Under the protection of a man of worth, diſtinguiſhed abilities, honour, and truth, a wife yields herſelf entirely to his guidance, receiving every idea from the man of her heart! like the *halo* of the *rainbow*, which exhibits the ſame, though fainter

fainter colours. So is ſhe diſtinguiſhed by his virtues: and with the ſatisfaction true love inſpires, thinks whatever he does is *wiſeſt*, *moſt virtuous*, *diſcreeteſt*, *beſt*. Her ſoul is ſo happily diſpoſed, that every thing becomes capable of affording her entertainment, and diſtreſs almoſt wants a name.

"Their ſmiling infants, in participating their looks, and blending their features, add a freſh tye to that of conjugal affection. The enraptured huſhand, and fond father, hangs over her, like Milton's Adam, with looks of cordial love enamoured, gazing with tranſport on the maternal cares of the happy wife, and diſcovers in theſe pledges of their fond affection, all the mother's beauty: while ſhe relates a thouſand little anecdotes of their ripening judgments; flattering her fond boſom, they are pre-

ſages of inheriting their father's underſtanding. Even to an unintereſted perſon, the expanding of an infant mind is a delightful entertainment, but to fond parents muſt not the pleaſure be exceedingly delightful? Thus their years paſs in that ſweet intelligence of two hearts charmed with each other, without wearineſs, without inquietude, without any other jealouſy than that of fearing not to pleaſe as much as they love; which occaſions a deſire of uniting in themſelves every thing which has power to captivate a heart. If they are in company, ſhe buſies herſelf with him alone, without diſobliging any body. The art of conciliating our choice with complaiſance is a ſecret of delicate minds: coquetry ſtudies this; love is acquainted with it, without having learned it. But every medal hath its reverſe, every felicity

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city carries its abatement; for thus happy, thus delighted, how very ſoon may her rejoicing be turned into mourning! Her beauteous infant may be ſnatched from her fond embrace, may ſicken, pine, and die. "How is nature, (ſays Lord Orrery) revulſed on ſuch an occaſion!" When a mother, recollecting all her ſufferings for this departed innocent, only by that attaches herſelf the more to it. But the tender ſolicitude of her beloved conſort, his ſoothing ſympathy, and affectionate participation of her ſorrows, will reſtore her mind to reaſon and peace.

"But oh! what friendly perſon will be at hand to ſuccour and ſupport her under the poignant diſtreſs and unutterable woe of loſing this beſt of men: this pattern of her virtues, friend of her heart, and partner of her joys! when ſhe ex-

claims, like Andromache, " he was father, mother, brother!"

Under the firſt attacks of extreme ſorrow, nature muſt be left to itſelf: at ſuch moments the conſolations of friendſhip by their infectious tenderneſs only increaſe the ſenſibility of the ſufferer, and feeds the ſorrow it pretends to deplore, by ſtrengthening the impreſſion which nothing but the external rubs of time and accident can thoroughly efface. After time hath blunted the aſperities of anguiſh, as friendſhip is particularly deſigned to alleviate the evils of life and inſenſibly to wear away the pains of the wretched, a participation of affection may communicate a ſoft and affecting ſentiment to melancholy, that content never feels, and be grateful to her afflicted heart. The height of her philoſophy can only riſe to reſignation,

to

to the decrees of the omnipotent and all-juſt Diſpoſer of events; but a thouſand tender recollections will ſtill make her ſigh in ſecret, though her grief will not reſemble the loud tumultuous paſſion of thoſe, whoſe houſes are ranſacked by invading enemies; but that affliction which acquieſces in the decrees of the Almighty without murmuring, although the object departed is too dear to be relinquiſhed without the moſt penetrating diſtreſs. Thoſe who ſay philoſophy can go no farther, and teach us not to feel, miſtake its uſe, and make dull apathy uſurp its place. And thoſe who affect to denominate the inſenſibility of their ſouls, the effect of philoſophy, and the manifeſtation of a fortitude untouched by human events, can no more impoſe on the thinking and humane, than Alexander did, when he af-

fected to throw off humanity and become a deity. Let it be remembered, in that inſtance, when the divine perfection was included in a human form, he choſe to yield to the impulſe of this affection of the mind. Our Saviour wept over the grave of Lazarus. Tears, when time has matured a pungent grief into a ſweet melancholy, are not hurtful; they are as the dew of the morning to the green herbage.

" A ſenſible woman will not permit her afflictions to interfere with her moral obligations, nor will obtrude her ſorrows on the world; real grief is very ſilent in its operations: Lady Ruſſel, whoſe ſincerity is not to be queſtioned, the many years ſhe ſurvived her beloved Lord, was very careful not to attract obſervation in thoſe ſtated times ſhe had ſet apart for deploring her loſs, and rendering

dering herſelf acceptable to the ſupreme Being. "I always ſuſpect (ſays Mrs. Griffith) that a perſon has only the appearance of grief, ſenſe, courage, or philoſophy, who affects to manifeſt them upon every triſling occaſion." The many years lady Ruſſel ſurvived her Lord, is a melancholy proof that nothing kills ſo ſlowly as grief.—The conſolations in this ſituation are, he whom ſhe laments can never ſuffer for her what ſhe muſt bear for him: that it is impoſſible any thing ſo natural, ſo neceſſary, and ſo univerſal as death, ſhould have been deſigned by Providence as an evil to mankind: that had he lived, her ſincere affection would have led her implicitly to conform to his inclinations; her views would have been confined to this earth, and too ſtrongly attached to human objects to have properly

perly obeyed the Giver of the bleſſings ſhe ſo much valued; who is generally leſs thought of, in proportion as he is bountiful. Thus will her piety and patience make her calmly ſubmit to the decrees of Providence; and if her mind is properly regulated, her extreme ſenſibility will never exort one word or thought, which is not dictated by humble piety and the moſt exemplary reſignation.

"To be ſeparated by death from a man we love, is a leſs evil than to be obliged to live with one whom we hate. This puniſhment at leaſt is longer, and is inflicted to the laſt hour with equal rigour; grief on the contrary, however violent, becomes every day leſs and leſs. It is by neglecting to obſerve this circumſtance, that we deceive ourſelves. We imagine that this piercing ſorrow will con-

continue to the end of life; and (even to myſelf, as I write) it appears a defect in delicacy of ſentiment, to dare to think at ever being leſs touched at the remembrance of our loſs; we imagine we ſhall ever ſigh under inſupportable deſpair.

"Experience of what has *been*, ſhews us that nothing more is neceſſary than to leave your affliction to time. Time will infallibly remove it; and you will at length find yourſelf exactly in the ſame circumſtances, as you were before you poſſeſſed what you have loſt. After a long interval to have *loſt*, and not *poſſeſſed*, is almoſt the ſame thing. Your ſorrow will be changed to a tender remembrance. Or it may be wholly oliterated, or give place to a new engagement. Do we not daily ſee this, in life? Therefore it muſt be by far the moſt common caſe: though we have had

had many inſtances to the contrary; and it muſt depend entirely on the ſenſibility of the ſufferer. If that is exquiſite, the only happineſs in ſuch a ſituation muſt ariſe from religion, good ſenſe, and a vigorous though mild exertion, of reaſon. A perſon capable of tender impreſſions, muſt have a great fund of ſenſibility, ſentiments of probity, and a taſte for every virtue; and then one is almoſt ſure being unhappy. However, in the height of our diſtreſs, we flatter ourſelves we are ſuperior to the reſt of the world; that our being is more perfect, our ſoul more elevated, becauſe more ſenſible. Thus every body, if they loſe on one hand, ſtrive to gain on the other, and even from adverſity itſelf draw conſolations. As to loſs of children, how many parents have rejoiced in the recovery of a child, who only lived to reproach

proach, perhaps to diſgrace them! How many have mourned, bitterly mourned, for children, whom perhaps God only reſcued from dangers and difficulties to which he knew their ſtrength would be unequal. Thus every ſituation has its comforts. The additional ſatisfaction from the taſte of pleaſures in the ſociety of one we love, is admirable deſcribed by Milton, who repreſents Eve, though in paradiſe itſelf, no farther pleaſed with the beautiful objects around her, than as ſhe ſees them in company with Adam, in that paſſage ſo inexpreſſibly charming.

With thee converſing, I forget all time,
All ſeaſons and their change; all pleaſe alike;
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet
With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun
When firſt in this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, or flow'r.
Glittering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhow'rs, and ſweet the coming on

Of

Of gratful ev'ning mild; the ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair morn,
And theſe the gems of heav'n her ſtarry train:
But neither breath of morn when ſhe aſcends,
With charm of earlieſt birds, nor riſing ſun
In this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
Glittering with dew, nor fragrant after-ſhowers,
Nor grateful ev'ning mild, nor ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird, not walk by moon
Or glittering ſtar-light, without *thee* is ſweet.

You have often told me I ſhould laugh if my heart was breaking; you rate my powers too high, all I can do is to ſuppreſs uneaſineſs, and ſpeak in light terms on ſubjects which affect me but too ſenſibly. Farewell, my amiable friend: unfortunate as the ſtate of marriage is, I am hopeful you will once more be induced to enter into it with a friend of mine, by which I ſincerely think, you will recompenſe yourſelf for all your paſt ſufferings.

Yours affectionately,

ELIZA DE CRUI.

LETTER XXIX.

From Mrs. Ross, to Lady FILMER.

DEAR MADAM,

MISS Byron has been informed by the young lady (I formerly mentioned to you) of her misfortunes; and as they are nearly connected with a friend of yours, I make haſte to communicate them to you. This unhappy young creature informed her ſhe owed all her misfortunes to having deceived her mother: and neglecting that maxim, that if people indulge themſelves, in every thing they may do, they will ſoon do *what they ought not to do.* Her amiable protectreſs endeavoured to wave the ſubject, but Miſs N—— ſaid, "Madam, I perceive your delicacy; few, like you, know how guard-

guarded they ſhould be when they ſpeak to the unhappy, whoſe ſorrow and dejection are apt to diſpoſe the heart to interpret into an unkind or bitter ſenſe, every expreſſion that does not breathe the greateſt gentleneſs and affection. You, madam, are my benefactreſs; I can have no reſerve to you: women who would not be *expoſed*, ſhould not put themſelves out of their own power. As my errors are known to myſelf, were it not on account of my family, I ſhould not care if they were known to the whole world. I am not like one of the Spartan dames, aſhamed of nothing but detection.

"My mother was left a widow, with ſeven children, two ſons and five daughters: her jointure was not equal to her birth; nor the oeconomy ſhe was obliged to exert, to her pride. The extreme attention

tention ſhe was obliged to beſtow on the minutiæ of her family afforded her very little time to inſtruct us in our moral or religious duties. But however deficient my mother was in inforcing other precepts, I muſt do her juſtice, in ſaying, ſhe uſed to harangue on *virtue*, which ſhe reduced to a *ſingle point*. As this is the only point in which I have erred, I do not mean to condemn *her* to exculpate *myſelf*. The misfortunes I have met with, and the retirement I have been in, have however taught me to reflect that *virtue* is not wholly comprized in chaſtity, which is only a concomitant; and that it is neceſſary a woman ſhould have every other moral virtue." Miſs Byron told Miſs N——, ſhe was entirely of her opinion; that the common manner of teaching young ladies the firſt duties,

ſhe looked upon as the moſt ſhocking neglect in their education: "ſo little is this eſſential part regarded, ſaid ſhe, that if you aſk a fine lady of what religion ſhe is, ſhe is aſtoniſhed at the queſtion, and can ſcarce give any rational anſwer. If you proceed farther, and touch upon the rules and tenets of it, you find them totally ignorant: and in either ſex, where they have not any religion, there can be no dependence upon them; for it is very eaſy to conceive what that man or woman's action muſt be, who diſbelieves in future rewards or puniſhments." Miſs N—— having ſubſcribed to theſe ſentiments, and acknowledged her own ignorance in theſe points at that period, continued her ſtory as follows.

"My mother's great plan was to get us married, or in other words, off her hands.

hands. When we went to a public place, ſhe queſtioned us who had taken notice of us: our reception was always adapted to the rank or fortune of thoſe who had paid us attention. This foible in my mother led us inſenſibly to falſhood: we purchaſed her good humour and partiality, by claiming honours and diſtinctions which had never been paid us.

"Mr. ——, a nabob, made his addreſſes to me; he had nothing but riches to recommend him, and I deſpiſed Plutus too much, to enter into an engagement where *he* only preſided. Under a pompous appearance, the fortunate clown was too viſible: like a foundered horſe that walks in a ſtate proceſſion, under whoſe gorgeous trappings are ſtill ſeen his tottering limbs. My mother was blinded to his imper-

ſections; but a partiality which Lord H——, only ſon to Lord Cheſter, inſpired me with, rendered him odius in my eyes. Lord H—— and I engaged ourſelves to each other; and I fooliſhly promiſed to conceal it from my mother. The young woman who engages to keep her lover's addreſſes a ſecret, is generally brought into a plot againſt herſelf; and oftener ſtill againſt thoſe to whom ſhe owes unreſerved honour and duty. Senſibility is dangerous, unleſs it has a proper direction; and, in this caſe, the greateſt circumſpection is required. A heart which is in itſelf tender, is always eaſy of perſuaſion, and is ſuſceptible of all the ſofter ſenſations. And when our ſex indulge a reverie upon a ſentiment, fancy ſets off with all its charms, it becomes gradually the reigning affection of our heart. My

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mother had not, by tenderneſs and affection, gained my heart, while it was yet in its infancy: ſhe might then have formed it, ſhe might then have had the virtuous poſſeſſion of it; and might have ſecured its confidence. When precepts are not ſweetened by the endearments of nature, they in a great meaſure fail in their due effect. At a certain age, the danger of the paſſions are great: but theſe paſſions do not actuate more forcibly than a mother's affections, when ſhe is the friend and confident of her daughter. They are not ſtronger than the impreſſions of education, the principles of honour; that virtue, that modeſty, that generous pride, with which youth ought always to be inſpired, eſpecially where the heart is ſuſceptible.

'Tis but inſtruction all! our parents hand
Writes in our hearts the firſt faint characters,

Which time re-tracing, deepens into ſtrength
That nothing can efface but death or Heaven.

"There lived with my mother a ſplenetic woman, who could not be happy without having ſomebody to find fault with. She was an old coquette, who railed at the preſent decline of taſte; and being no longer able to attract *admirers*, ſought for *victims*, and was reſolved to be *feared*, ſince ſhe could not be *loved*. Excluſive of this propenſity, it is commonly a received maxim among perſons of a certain age, that young people are always in the wrong. I never yet knew a perſon fond of prying into the ſecrets of others, that was fit to be truſted. The curioſity of ſuch is governed by pride, which is not gratified but by whiſpering about a ſecret till it becomes public, in order either

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to ſhow their conſequence or ſagacity. This woman over-heard Lord H—— converſing with me, and threatened that ſhe would inſtantly acquaint my mother of his being my lover. He repreſented to me the unhappy conſequences that would attend this diſcovery, that his father might ſend him abroad, and uſed every argument love could inforce, to make me inſtantly leave the houſe: he ſaid, in a few months he would be of age, when he would marry me; and that in the mean time, would place me in ſafety; where he ſhould himſelf never preſume to come, without my permiſſion. I yielded to his requeſt. I do not pretend to juſtify myſelf; but, without doubt, there are ſome circumſtances in life, where the diſtreſs is ſo high, and the mind in ſuch an anxiety, that a perſon may

be pardoned the being thrown ſo much off their guard as to be drawn into actions, which, in the common occurrences of life, would admit of no alleviation. Oh! my dear madam, how unhappy is that mind, which, with right intentions, feels a conſciouſneſs of error in its reſolutions. Alas! how is it poſſible to eſcape, ſurrounded with ſmiling ſnares on one hand, and by unkindneſs preſſed into the toils on the other? Are not women who go aſtray from the paths of virtue, generally more to be pitied than condemned; as their faults more frequently ariſe from their misfortunes then their vice? My firſt error undoubtedly was the cauſe of all the reſt; how hard, how next to impoſſible to avoid many leſſer deviations, after we have been betrayed into a capital one! Lord H—— continued to treat me with

with the moſt diſtant reſpect; and as the time was near elapſed when he could make me his wife, I became perfectly eaſy and happy, and thought it even ſweet to ſuffer for the man I loved; although I was informed the woman who lived with my mother, had made many additions to my imprudence. Theſe people who conceal nothing they know, very often communicate what they do not know. Envy always knows more than it will confeſs, and more characters are deſtroyed by indirect inſinuations than any other way. And thoſe who are very eager to tell news, are ſeldom in a diſpoſition to wait and collect the evidences of its truth.

"Nothing is more fatal to happineſs or virtue, than that confidence which flatters us with an opinion of our own ſtrength, and by aſſuring us of the power

of

of retreat, precipitates us into danger. In love, contrary to religion, it is want of faith that ſaves us. This was the ſituation of my affairs, when one evening the Duke of C—— had ſeen me at the window, and (being ignorant who I was) forced his admittance into the houſe. This made Lord H—— jealous; we quarrelled; he told me, with the poet,

My heart, tho' full of rage, was free from malice,
And all my anger, but exceſs of love.

I was too much ſoftened. Melancholy and affliction enervate the ſoul, and lay it open to every ſoft and tender emotion. Reconciliation is the tendereſt part of love. The ſoul here diſcovers a kind of chaſtity; and being forced back, returns with an additional violence. I forget every conſideration, but that of my lover.—As ſoon as I recollected myſelf,

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it is impoſſible to give you any idea of the diſtraction of my mind. All my guilt ſtared me in the face! I accuſed him, myſelf, and heaven, which had withdrawn his protection from me in the hour of danger! I ordered him to depart, and never ſee me more!

"Lord H—— wrote to me, renewed his vows of fidelity, and declared he conſidered me as much his wife as if the ceremony had paſſed; and that it wanted only a few weeks, when I ſhould be really ſuch in the eye of the law. I was mollified, I ſaw him; and truth obliges me here to confeſs, that I conformed to his wiſhes.—I was too ſoon convinced that he was, like the reſt of of his ſex, who make no ſcruple of ſeducing women without loving them; who are laviſh of their adorations while *they reſiſt*, and of their unkindneſs when

they

they yield. She that conſiders this, will ſhun like death ſuch baits of guilt and miſery.

"I believe the hyæna was a male devourer, though the men, to extenuate their own guilt, made the creature a female. I ſoon thought I ſaw a great change in Lord H——; I perceived him diſquieted and uneaſy. I uſed my influence with him to make me a partner in his griefs, but I urged in vain; I was willing to think favourably of my lover; it was my intereſt to pleaſe him, as the time was near elapſed in which I was to become his wife. I recollected the too often captious behaviour of huſbands to their wives, and concluded this muſt always be the caſe after poſſeſſion. On the contrary, women are almoſt ſure of preſerving men's attachment, while they do not loſe ſight of a

proper

proper *retenue* to them. Hope gives an ardour which ſubſides in certainty. But to put any conſtraint on a lover that is tired, is only to tire him the more. I therefore chearfully ſubmitted to the great change of diſpoſition I perceived in him, and redoubled my attentions to pleaſe him. This appeared to me only to increaſe his miſery; and I then from my own experience was convinced, that if a woman diſcovers to a man all the *love* ſhe has for him, ſhe only employs herſelf to make him ungrateful.

"Love, contrary to all other paſſions, ſhews itſelf more in ſmall things than in great ones. When a perſon begins to ſhow an indifference towards thoſe leſſer cares (which real affection is continually ſuggeſting), one may venture to pronounce that their attachment will not ſurvive. Theſe fears were realiſed

one

one evening: he dropped a letter. I did not perceive it until he was gone. Figure to yourſelf, Madam, the ſituation of my mind, when I diſcovered a treaty of marriage was on foot between him and one Miſs Caſtor. I impatiently waited his next viſit. A heart that had been ſo ſenſible as mine, could not eaſily reſolve to become indifferent. We hate, we love, often before we can attain tranquility, and we ſtill preſerve ſome diſtant hopes of our being miſtaken in our conjectures.

"Lord H— had undoubtedly miſſed his letter, and was aſhamed to ſee me, becauſe he never came afterwards. The ſhock was too much for me to bear; the uneaſineſs of my mind brought on a ſevere fever and hyſterical complaints I never had before. A virtuous mind, in the moſt exquiſite diſtreſs, receives ſupport

port and conſolation from the conſciouſneſs of its own innocence; but diſtreſs which is the conſequence of an unlawful flame indulged, cannot hope for this ſuccour. As long as I had expected Lord H— to fulfil his engagements, my virtue had been lulled aſleep; I had been prevented from returning to myſelf, and from perceiving the abyſs, on the flowery borders of which I had danced with ſuch frantic ſecurity. But now I found myſelf ruined, deceived, and abandoned! Yet, my dear benefactreſs, if we had more candour ourſelves, we might with a better grace complain of diſſimulation in others. A girl who joins in concert with her lover, to deceive her mother, has no right to repine, or be ſurpriſed at his deceiving her in his turn. Although ſenſible of this truth, it only added to my miſery, as I looked on all my misfortunes as proceeding from myſelf.

"Had he taken me for ever, ſaid I, to my faithful Sally, the purpoſe of my life would have only been to pleaſe him; as he has left me, I have nothing left but to die, after worſe than death has happened to me.

"This worthy girl brought me a learned divine, in the neighbourhood, who convinced me, that religion is the only means by which we can arrive at true happineſs; and that to attain the perfection and dignity of our nature, we muſt rely on the authority and word of God. By his advice I left my lodgings, converted a few diamonds to money, and came to this place; but not before I ſent a letter to Lord H———, which was dictated more from tenderneſs than reſentment, and written rather with tears than ink."

By the aſſiſtance of an uncle, (who only diſcovered her laſt week,) ſhe propoſes to retire to —— there ſhe can experience no oblique reproaches, no malicious inſinuations from the rigid cenſurers of her own ſex. Unfeeling prudes! who are virtuous from circumſtances or neglect, not from principle. Do not ſuch, almoſt countenance another's loſs of virtue, by manifeſting their own apparent want of humanity?

And does not your Ladyſhip think, that the ſeverity of women to each other, is of dangerous conſequence to thoſe who have once erred? Such a penitence as Miſs N——'s muſt ſurely rank the contrite offender next to the unoffending innocent, if not exalt her above the perſeverance of untried virtue.

A Being infinitely pure and perfect, was moved to pity by the ſins of his

creatures; ſhall we then, whoſe offences are numberleſs, refuſe our pardon and aſſiſtance to thoſe, who may not more properly be called fellow-creatures, than fellow-ſinners; becauſe their offences are of a deeper dye than our own? Eſpecially as the different degrees in which we rank our guilt and theirs, may poſſibly proceed from ſelf-partiality. For if we take into our account their ſuperior temptation, and (commonly when they err) inferior advantage of education to repreſs them, the balance may not, to an all-ſeeing-eye, appear in our favour. I ever am,

Dear Madam,

your Ladyſhip's

affectionate and

obliged friend,

MARY ROSS.

LETTER XXX.

From Miſs N—— to Lord H——

MY LORD,

BEFORE this letter reaches your hands, the writer will have renounced her habitation in conſequence of your having abandoned her, in reward for the unlimited confidence ſhe placed in you, to the deſtruction of her honour, peace of mind, and every other felicity her youth and rank of life might have produced her. Could you have informed me of your change of ſentiments, I ſhould have pardoned you, and imputed it to my own miſconduct.—Cruelty, in my eſtimation, is preferable to perfidy. You are going to wed a Miſs Caſtor, or have thought

of it, which *to me* is much the ſame. You muſt by this time be acquainted with my character, the ſtrength of my affection, and the tender ſenſibility of my heart; it remains only for me now to acquaint you with the fixed purpoſes of my ſoul. I deſpiſe thoſe women who are capable of changing their affections, but more thoſe whoſe weakneſs ever ſuffers them to pardon an infidelity.

Love admits no partnerſhip; pure affection is a celeſtial emanation. Do not apprehend, on my part, the weakneſſes of common minds; it is only for them, like thoſe of weak conſtitutions, not to expel the poiſon they have imbibed. *You will never ſee me more.* And now, my Lord, after informing you of my intentions, you muſt be convinced I can have no farther intereſt in acquainting you with ſome truths, but on

your

your own account. In juſtice to my own character, permit me on only to obſerve, that if I did not combat my inclinations, and triumph over them, by having leſs fortitude and more ſenſibility; yet I conſidered my weakneſs as reſpectable, as nothing was wanting but the ceremony to render me the wife of a man, who muſt be perjured if he did not ratify his engagements. I truſt to the indulgence of a beneficent Being, who judges without prejudice; and hope that my preſent and paſt ſufferings will atone for my miſconduct.

From what I have heard of the Lady you are going to wed, ſhe can never engage your heart, her fortune alone commands your attention. You are poſſeſſed of a ſenſibility which muſt condemn you to an eternal *ennui*, if your have not ſome favourite object to in-

groſs it—Your reſource, as a married man, can only be with women of bad character; they may prevail ſo far as to ſeduce your ſenſes, but it will be ſtill beyond their power to inſpire you with real love. And you will again lament her, who alone can make you happy, becauſe ſhe alone can love as you deſerve to be loved. You may be liked by *many* women, but idolized by one alone.

When you become the inſipid object of ſome languid affection, that will pardon *every thing*, becauſe it feels *nothing*, you will then perhaps regret the unreaſonableneſs of my temper, the extravagance of my mind, with the tender ſenſibility of my heart.

You have *now* rendered yourſelf the object of my contempt, therefore do not ſuppoſe I am actuated by paſſion. Contempt

tempt is always calm, becauſe it is a ſentiment of ſuperiority; hatred is but a vulgar ſenſation, ſuperior minds only deſpiſe. If to raiſe a fallen enemy be the part of a hero, what is it to triumph over a confiding friend, to inſult thoſe who throw themſelves on our patronage —and to return by the crueleſt neglect the unlimited confidence which has been repoſed in them! which carries with it ſo many claims to compaſſion, obſervance, and affection! Would not every one allow that this was a great piece of villainy! And yet this very practice towards women paſſes for a triſle, the amuſement of a man of gallantry, and is often made the ſubject of boaſt and triumph.

I muſt intreat you, my Lord, to take this into your conſideration, and to be more ſincere with other women; en-

deavour to know that heart which you may venture to attack. How truly pityable, though contemptible is he, who attempts to deceive, who involves another in diſtreſs, and condemns himſelf to a train of inſincerity and falſhood! Sooner or later he comes to be detected, is perſecuted by his aſſociates in miſery, attracted towards one, witheld by another, inſulted here, and deſpiſed there, and ſuſpected every where; he can neither feel content nor merit eſteem. He becomes peeviſh from mortification, creates diſguſt in others, and concludes his deſpicable career, unloving and unbeloved.

I have only to add before I conclude, that I heartily forgive you all the miſeries you have occaſioned me; and to confirm what I have often told you, although I ſhall never ſee you more, that

that I ſhall die bleſſing you, and entirely.

your's

WILHELMINA N——

LETTER XXXI.

From Lady FILMER, to Mrs. Ross.

DEAR MADAM,

I Return you many thanks for your laſt.—I communicated the contents to my brother-in-law, Lord Cheſter; father to Lord H——.

My nephew, for ſome months paſt, has been plunged in the deepeſt melancholy on Miſs N——'s account. The very evening in which he left her, he had

had a fall from his horſe, broke his collar-bone, and fevered: his father, who loves him with the utmoſt tenderneſs, attended him conſtantly; and hearing him often mention her name in his delirium, was convinced he had a private attachment. The difficulties Lord H—— knew his farther was involved in, had made him poſtpone telling him his real intentions, flattering himſelf with the aſſiſtance he would acquire from the mediation of an uncle, who was hourly expected from an embaſſy abroad. This affair had been the only occaſion of the change of temper Miſs N—— perceived in him, whom appearances have undoubtely been much againſt; but when this unfortunate young lady knows the uneaſineſs he ſuffered, was merely on her account, and his ſilence to her entreaties only to prevent her unhappi-

neſs,

neſs, ſhe muſt feel her error in thinking diſhonourably of him.

Lord H——'s fever did not abate, and his delirium continued for three weeks, during which time Miſs N——'s letter arrived. This Lord Cheſter concealed, flattering himſelf it might perhaps be only a temporary engagement, which this little abſence might efface. His anxiety however increaſed, when the phyſician told him he ſuſpected Lord H——'s recovery was retarded by the uneaſineſs he appeared to have on his mind. Dr. Worthy, had always been of opinion it was neceſſary for gentlemen of his profeſſion, to attend to the peculiar diſpoſitions of the mind and their influence on the body. Should not, my dear Mrs. Roſs, a phyſician be a philoſopher too? For without taking in the contact of the *mind*, can he ever be ſufficiently

ciently maſter of his ſubject, the *body*? If he cannot cure anxiety, what ſignifies correcting of acidities? "If he cannot medicine to minds diſeaſed, of what avail are all his alkalis?" In conſequence of this manner of acting, he was not in great repute with the apothecaries.

Lord Cheſter, by his advice, judged a change of place, and ſuch amuſements as he was capable of enjoying, would prove the moſt effectual mean of recovering Lord H——. The firſt day he went abroad he was brought home in a fainting fit, ſeized with ſudden paroxyſms; and his life afterwards deſpaired of. Lord Cheſter was informed this relapſe was occaſioned by his ſon's having diſcovered, at Dulwich, that a lady had left a houſe he called at. He then informed Dr. Worthy of the letter he had

had received, in his ſon's firſt illneſs: and they thought it neceſſary, upon the firſt interval of his diſeaſe, to break the matter to him by degrees. When they put this deſign in execution, his knees ſmote one againſt the other, a cold dew hung upon his forehead, a thouſand dreadful conſequences crouded upon his imagination; compaſſion, fear, remorſe, and horror, ſhook his whole frame; he could only ſay, "nought remains for me but to die!" and then ſunk into a long ſwoon. They knew not whether he would ever recover from it. Dr. Worthy ſhed tears: Men ought not to be laughed at for weeping, till we come to a more clear notion of what is imputed to the hardneſs of the head, and the ſoftneſs of the heart.

At length Lord H—— was reſtored; for ſome time he ſeemed to be in a manner

ner ſtupified; a dreadful calm held his ſoul in ſuſpence; his eyes were ſometimes fixed on his father, and ſometimes caſt up to heaven, with a look of ſuch unutterable anguiſh as wrung his heart. Lord Cheſter aſſured him, if the young lady was of good character, excluſive of her miſconduct with him, that he would permit him to marry her. There are times when all the forms and intereſts of life are nothing, when nature is only heard: Lord Cheſter forgot every thing but his ſon; who, graſping his father's hand, ſaid, "She is Miſs N——, the daughter of Sir Harry N——; in whom the charms of beauty, the graces of the mind, the greateſt dignity of the ſoul, and all the virtues of the human kind, are united. Her love gave me a new being, in compariſon of which, my former life was a diſguſtful

ful change of the ſame tedious days and nights, an unanimated vegetable exiſtence." Lord H—— has been in conſtant ſearch of Miſs N—— ever ſince, although his father has been endeavouring to perſuade him to go to Briſtol, for his health.

I have time to add no more; as Lord H—— is impatient to ſet out—He has promiſed to wait Miſs Byron's inſtructions at York; in order not to hurry, by his ſudden appearance, Miſs N——, in the preſent weak ſtate of health you acquaint me ſhe is in.

I ever am, my dear Mrs. Roſs,

your affectionate

and ſincere friend,

AMELIA FILMER.

LETTER XXXII.

From Mr. LEWIS, to Sir JAMES BRUCE.

DEAR SIR,

I Have the ſatisfaction to be able to give you the moſt agreeable accounts of Lord F——; he is every thing I could wiſh him to be: this I chiefly impute to the example of Mr. Trueman; being very ſenſible of the inſufficiency of precepts oppoſed to the paſſions of youth, eſpecially to one who had once indulged them to exceſs. Man is by nature imitative, and the power of example operates upon him by inſenſible, but reſiſtleſs force.

I have conſtantly obſerved to him, that the human ſoul was formed for pleaſures

ſures of a higher nature than thoſe that are commonly ſuppoſed to ariſe from love: ſuch as flow from juſtice, truth, virtue, and goodneſs: theſe form a ſolid baſis for happineſs, whereas the chains of beauty are ſlight and eaſy broken. What ought to make every one jealous of this paſſion is, it owes its riſe, for the moſt part, to *caprice*; in its progreſs ſubverts the power of *reaſon*, and deſtroys all true *conſtancy* and *peace of mind*; its agitations are too violent for our *repoſe*, and its weakneſſes too ſtrong for our *reſolution*: in ſhort, the variety of cares and paſſions that attend it, are ſo many quickſands to virtue. My Lord one day anſwered me thus, "Love and prudence are incompatible, whereever we ſuppoſe the one, the other muſt neceſſarily be excluded. In vain, my good friend, may wiſdom preach, or

reaſon dictate, the ſoul will feel! The philoſopher lays down maxims; every body commends them: the moraliſt eſtabliſhes precepts with regard to manners; the world approves them: the preacher declaims from the pulpit againſt the wickedneſs of the times; people acknowledge the ſolidity of his reaſoning: notwithſtanding all this, the paſſions ſtill take their courſe; the vices of mankind conquer philoſophy, morality, religion, and the impulſe of the paſſions bear down the ſtrongeſt conviction of reaſon." I anſwered his Lordſhip, it would be a labour vain and abſurd, to endeavour abſolutely to eradicate paſſions: nature forbids the attempt. The paſſions and affections of our ſouls are abſolutely neceſſary to our happineſs: they are the tools and inſtruments of the mind, wherewith it

is to work for procuring our felicity. They are the bond of union that cements mankind together, and we have not a ſingle paſſion which does not (under proper regulations) tend to promote our chief good, our ſupremeſt happineſs.

Love, for inſtance, I mention in particular being the predominate paſſion of youth, authorized by reaſonable proſpects, guided and heightened by duty, is every thing excellent that poets have repreſented it. Yet even this muſt ſubmit to the awful diſpenſations of Providence, whether of death or other diſappointments. And ſuch trials ought to be met with chearful reſignation, and not to be the means of embittering our lives, or rendering them uſeleſs. My Lord's time has been principally engroſſed by his ſtudies. The more we

occupy the *mind*, the leſs we feel the dangerous neceſſity of finding employment for the *heart*.

He has a good underſtanding, but it is accompanied with a ſtrong imagination, which makes me tremble for him, as the misfortune is, when this is the caſe, it makes people judge right only, where their own inclinations are not concerned; but when once any violent paſſion interpoſes, it is generally employed to hide and gloſs over all bad conſequences that attend the gratification of it; and to remove difficulties to a man's own deſtruction, which one of leſs ſenſe and cooler fancy would never have got over. Strength, either of body or mind, is uſeful only as it is employed. A deep underſtanding in its conſequences is often hurtful; it is men of ſuperior parts who corrupt mankind.

For

For one who has been inſtructed by their *ſenſe*, millions have been ſeduced by their *prejudice*. Has not a celebrated Scotch writer by his hypotheſes, miſunderſtood by moſt readers, eſſentially hurt the younger people of this age? the *opinions* of ſuperior geniuſſes, oftener proceed from their *actions*, than their *actions* from their *opinions*. They act *firſt*, and then with great facility reconcile their principles to their *conduct*. What I take to be the primary cauſe of our greateſt errors, is the little attention which is paid to children in infancy. The foundation of moſt of our vices is imbibed at that ſeaſon of life, when we are moſt ſuſceptible of impreſſions. This is the period when the conſtitution both of body and mind, the temper and diſpoſitions of the heart are in a great meaſure formed. Nature, in all other

caſes, brings her own works to perfection; but in man ſhe has only laid the foundation of happineſs, and left the completion of it to himſelf. But ſhe has amply provided him with means for the purpoſe, and directed him how to employ them. In infancy it requires the ſtricteſt attention to be paid to the powers of the mind and body, that they neither be allowed to languiſh for want of exerciſe, nor be exerted beyond what they are able to bear. They muſt be diverted from any purſuits which would injure their *health*, or nouriſh the ſeeds of any dangerous *propenſity*. *Morality* muſt be inſtilled into them before the myſteries of *revelation* are ſtamped upon their tender minds: as it is neceſſary the *foundation* ſhould be prepared before the *building* is erected. Every emotion that is praiſe-worthy ſhould be rewarded,

as

as the encouragement of one *virtuous impulſe* will have a much happier *effect* than the correction of an hundred *faults*. Their mortifications muſt be rendered exceedingly ſevere for equivocation and falſity; but in every point where correction is neceſſary, children muſt be made ſenſible of their errors. It requires no ſmall ſhare of underſtanding in parents, to diſtinguiſh properly whether every miſdemeanor proceeded from a *culpable* emotion before it is *reproved*; for it ſometimes happens, that *wrong* actions may proceed from *laudable* intentions. When children are puniſhed unjuſtly, it is ſeldom they have it in their power to clear themſelves; and they may probably judge their own *good* emotions to be the *guilty* cauſe, and thereby ſuppreſs a riſing virtue.

How often have I deplored, in particular inſtances, an imprudent mother influenced by her paſſions, both in her fondneſs and ſeverity. Such children may ſay with the poet,

A force de m'aimer tu me rendis miſerable.

One moment the little innocent's bones are almoſt broken for a fault, of which it is ſcarcely ſenſible, and the next fondly cheriſhed to reconcile it to the fooliſh parent.

If children are not made ſteady in trifles, which is the only method of making them know their own minds in matters of conſequence afterwards; is it wonderful that neglect muſt be attended with the natural conſequences, of men becoming infidels, wavering in their opinions? Cruel tyrants, diveſted of every generous feeling, and immode-

rate

rate in the indulgence of their paſſions?

Improper indulgences cultivate in children an inclination to cruelty, by eradicating that tenderneſs which makes us ſuffer on ſeeing an object in pain. While unreaſonable contradiction excites fretfulneſs, deſtroys their innocent chearfulneſs; and make them conſider ſeverity and violence as the only means by which they are to obtain any point from others, whom they have a future occaſion to contend with. Where reproof is neceſſary, mortification is the beſt means of correction, when the acknowledgement of the fault muſt prove the means of reconciliation. This neceſſarily begets ſhame, and before a diſpoſition is hardened into vice, ſhame will always produce amendment. This alſo gives them an early habit of reflection, and

makes them ſenſible of the offence for which they are thus humbled. In ſhort, children ought neither to be rendered unneceſſarily uneaſy, nor ſuffered to pleaſe themſelves by tormenting the meaneſt living creature. By being unreſtrained in ſports of this kind, they acquire by habit, what they never would have learned from nature, and grow up into a confirmed inattention to every kind of ſuffering but their own.

> The poor beetle that we tread upon
> In corporeal ſuff'rance feels a pang as great
> As when a giant dies.

May not the general treatment of animals be accounted for, from the defects of education? It is ſavage beyond all conception. The ſupreme court of judicature at Athens thought an inſtance of this ſort not below its cog-

cognizance, and puniſhed a boy for putting out the eyes of a bird. The great moral painter of our time, hath very forcibly expreſſed his ſenſe of this, in a ſeries of prints intitled by him, the *Progreſs of Cruelty*; in which, having repreſented a youth advancing by degrees to the higheſt pitch of cruelty, from the torturing of inſects, birds, and beaſts; he at laſt murders a poor girl who loves him, and is with child by him. The artiſt exhibits the dead body of the inhuman wretch undergoing the laſt infliction of the law, amidſt a circle of ſurgeons, who cut and mangle it with as little appearance of pity, as he when alive uſed to ſhew to all different kinds of creatures.

" As the education of both ſexes, at the early period I have mentioned, devolves on women; and it is they who

have

have the greateſt influence, when the tenderneſs of the mind receives the moſt durable impreſſion; there is hardly to be conceived a greater misfortune, than when theſe impreſſions are improperly ſtamped upon their tender minds. Nothing then can be more unreaſonable, than to debar women from knowledge. Should we not either *improve* them or *cut off* their power? As nothing can be more abſured than to beſtow on them an important truſt, without *qualifying* them for the *diſcharge* of it. If in this age ladies have ſome little genius, and have taken pains to cultivate it, they will be thought guilty of *affectation* if they are deſirous to *conceal it*; or *pedantry*, if they are forward in ſhowing it. Can it then be wondered they take ſo little care to improve themſelves? *Self-devoted ſacrifices are now exploded.* In conſequence

of

of this, moſt fine ladies (as they are called) are a compoſition of *whim* and *caprice*; they *love* and *hate*, are *angry* and *pleaſed*, without being able to aſſign a reaſon for either of thoſe paſſions. If they have a characteriſtic, *it is vanity*; to which every thing elſe ſeems ſubſervient. They no ſooner hear any man talk of the article of *charms*, than like Don Quixote upon that of chivalry, are incapable of reaſon; and like Calypſo, in Telemachus, loſe the pleaſure of their numberleſs votaries, if one mortal eſcapes their ſnares. They always affect a great deal of good nature; are hurt very much at the ſight of any object in *bodily pain*, and yet value not how much they rack people's *minds*. Outward form and ceremony conſtitute the whole of their friendſhips; all their acquaintances are valued alike; as each in-

individual ſerves equally to make one at their parties of cards, provided they inherit one of the three qualities, which are abſolutely neceſſary in order to be well received; a *name*, or a *ſplendid appearance*, *to gratify* their *vanity*; or to play genteely at cards, that is, to be agreeable by loſing money, and ſo ſacrifice to their avarice; and have not the leaſt concern for the good qualities or well being of any of their friends, abſtracted from the above conſiderations. Fine ladies pay little regard to their huſbands, children, or their duty; becauſe their attention is confined to themſelves and their amuſements, But what can be expected from women to their huſbands, children to a family or ſociety in general, who have never ſtudied their duty, nor even learned to think or reflect? for even thought and reflection are to be learned.

Ignorance ſometimes produces more vices, than the abuſe of knowledge or the paſſions. An idle mind, like fallow ground, is the ſoil for every weed to grow in; in *it* vice gathers ſtrength, the ſeeds of vanity flouriſh unmoleſted and luxuriant; diſcontent, malignity, ill-humour ſpread far and wide, and the mind becomes a chaos, which it is impoſſible to reduce into order or beauty. Knowledge is ſo eſſential, that virtue itſelf without it, will be irregular in its movements, and its ſphere of exertion more confined. Employment is the greateſt antidote againſt depravity of heart: the gloomy and the reſentful are always found among thoſe who have *nothing* to do.

"Every rational being has a claim to good ſenſe and all that is intelligible. Reaſon is abſolutely unlimited in her juriſ-

juriſdiction over mankind: we are all born to judge of what concerns and affects us. And if *ſome* cannot ſee the objects of ſenſe with the ſame facility as others, yet *all* have an equal claim to the uſe of their ſenſes. Truth and knowledge, like light and air, are not to be diminiſhed by communication." The contemplation of the beauties of the univerſe, the cordial enjoyments of friendſhip, the tender delights proceeding from an union of hearts, and the rational pleaſures of religion are open to all, of whatever ſex. How various the amuſements that are to be derived both from art and nature? Every thing ſpeaks to and entertains her who is capable of reflection; nothing but a total ſtupidity can make the mind ſkim over a variety of ſuch objects without being affected. If a woman deprives herſelf

of

of theſe fountains, from which only true pleaſure ſprings, may it not be queſtioned whether ſhe has a heart for devotion, humanity, friendſhip, and love, or a taſte for what is truly beautiful and admirable? But let me not blame my fair country-women; the error does not originate with them, as I have already ſaid. We firſt make laws and cuſtoms to deprive them of learning, and then blame *them* for their ignorance. Were women to be treated in a more liberal manner, they would be actuated by a decent pride, a conſcious dignity and ſenſe of their own worth, without which mankind are never found to diſtinguiſh themſelves. The mind of man ſeems always to have adapted itſelf to the different nature of its objects; it is contracted and debaſed by being converſant

in little and low things, and feels a proportionable enlargement ariſing from the contemplation of great and ſublime ideas. We find in La Bruyer's characters, "Preſs me into the ſervice as a common ſoldier, I am Therſites; put me at the head of an army, I am Achilles." It has been obſerved in regard to the French conſtitution, that was the ſovereign to acquire a more abſolute power than he has, the great cement of affection would be loſt; for with individual conſequence, individual ſpirit would either decline or ferment into faction. The very loweſt of the people in France, who are thrown out of the reach of privilege, and treated like ſlaves, do not fight, either as ſoldiers or ſailors, with the ſpirit and reſolution of thoſe who are inſpired with a higher opi-

nion

nion of their own conſequence; though the rights that animate the latter, are often merely ideal.

In like manner, a woman of generous ſpirit, when ſhe it treated like a friend, will always do honour to that diſtinction; and a man of noble ſentiments will find himſelf more gratified with the attachment of a woman of merit, than with the obedience of one, who from humility or contracted timidity has become a willing ſlave.

I remain dear ſir,

your obliged friend

and humble ſervant,

JAMES LEWIS.

LETTER XXXIII.

From Mrs. Ross, to Lady FILMER.

DEAR MADAM,

I Accompanied Miſs Byron in her viſit to Miſs N——; by ſlow degrees ſhe communicated the contents of your letter to her. She thanked God Lord H—— was worthy for *his* own ſake. But added, "My dear Miſs Byron, it would have been better for me, had it been as I apprehended. My affection, if I recover, will induce me to marry him: by complying with my inclinations, how miſerable ſhall I be, if I loſe ſight of my eternal welfare, which ought to be my principal concern. The woman who has once ſubmitted to the con-

controul of her paſſions, has reaſon always to be afraid of herſelf.

"Had Lord H—— acquainted his father with our attachment, (from his ſubſequent conduct) would he not have granted his conſent to our union? In which caſe all my guilt would have been avoided. The violaters of the ſocial duties are frequently puniſhed by the ſucceſs of their own wiſhes. And it is ſuitable to the divine benignity, as well as juſtice, to lend its ſanctions and puniſhments, in aid of thoſe duties which bind man to man." Miſs N—— is to go this evening to York. This family go there to-morrow, for the race week. I acquainted you already, that Mr. Bruce, with the approbation of her father, has made his addreſſes to Miſs Byron.

When he propoſed it to her, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had now paſſed the ſeaſon of forming

ſuch a connection; that a woman of thirty ſhould entertain no thoughts of marriage, and that ſhe ſhould rejoice in ſeeing him allied more ſuitably. Mr. Bruce has however conquered her reluctance. And Sir James has inſiſted their nuptials ſhall take place the ſame day with his daughter's, that is in three weeks. When Lady Sophia was informed of this, ſhe ſaid, they were two canting fools, very fit for each other; and that they would moralize all day long. "But, added ſhe, all Miſs Byron's rationality, principles, and virtues, are no ſecurity againſt the ſhafts of ridicule. You, and the wiſe ones, goody Roſs (as ſhe often calls me,) forgive every thing but *vice*; the world forgives every thing but what is *ridiculous*. He marries a frightful old woman; I cannot help laughing at the idea of their *tender loves!*

to

to complete the farce, my uncle ſhould marry you." It is impoſſible for me to expreſs to your Ladyſhip how much I rejoice in Miſs Byron's good fortune. She is one inſtance of *merit* triumphing over *beauty*. But how few men reſemble Mr. Bruce in this particular!

When Sir James read us Mr. Lewis's letter, ſubſcribing entirely to his opinions, he told us, that "the gentlemen in France, in all periods of life, and even in the moſt advanced age, ſeldom aſſociate with one another, but ſpend all the hours which can be ſpared from buſineſs or ſtudy, with the young, the gay, and the happy. In England they entertain ideas of decorum, which lead them to deſpiſe the manner in which the French ſpend their leiſure hours: but if they ſuppoſe a greater communication with the fair ſex would only

promote effeminacy, experience is not on the ſide of their opinion. Slavery is far more generally eſtabliſhed in thoſe countries where the ſexes are debarred a full liberty of mutual intercourſe, than in thoſe where they have the moſt unobſtructed acceſs to each other. Witneſs Aſia, where the women are impriſoned all their lives, and the men are the moſt tame and abject victims to the moſt unbounded and inſolent tyranny. In this country they judge that it is proper for perſons of the ſame age, of the ſame ſex, or ſimilar diſpoſitions and purſuits, to aſſociate together; and think the nearer reſemblance in characters, the more perfect will be the union, ſince there is no perſon who has not a moſt ſincere affection for himſelf. The *laſt* I grant, but muſt add, that this ſelf-affection, I fear, will go but a very little way,

even

even in one remove only from the individual. The partiality we have for our *real* ſelves, will not always extend itſelf to our *ſecond* ſelves; and we often commit follies, and indulge humours, in our own *perſons*, which we do not find half ſo excuſable in thoſe of *others*. Neither do I think a ſameneſs of humours, will mix and aſſociate ſo well as their contrarieties; like perfect chords in muſic, they rather *tire* than *enliven*.

"For inſtance, two people are of a melancholy or choleric diſpoſition. How ſhall we enliven the deficiency of bile in the *one*, or correct its ſuperabundance in the *other?* Will not they both *drop aſleep*, or fall together by *the ears?* In ſhort, continued Mr. Bruce, a parity of humours or ſentiments, muſt often render converſation flat and inſipid; and when we meet with nothing new, ſuch a friend-

friendſhip muſt ſoon grow *tedious* and *languiſhing*. Whereas if we conſult nature and common ſenſe, we ſhall find that the true propriety and harmony of ſocial life, depend upon the connection of different diſpoſitions and characters judiciouſly blended together. We find in l'Hiſtoire des Rois Catholiques Ferdinand & d'Iſabelle, a judicious obſervation of the author; "La meilleure preuve (ſaid he) que Ferdinand & Iſabelle ne ſe reſſembloient pas, c'eſt que, ſans s'aimer beaucoup, ils vecurent toujours unis."

"Nature regulates all things wiſely, and perhaps more ſuitable to the ſtate of man than we ſuperficially imagine: if all men were *wiſe*, ſociety could not well *ſubſiſt*. A mixture of *prudent* and *weak* people have an admirable effect. Difference of taſte makes nothing remain

uſeleſs

uſeleſs in the world. Nature has rendered us all dependent on each other: no one is ſufficient for his own happineſs. Each ſex, each character, each period of life have their various advantages, and diſadvantages; and that union is the happieſt and moſt proper, where wants are mutually ſupplied. A certain mixture in ſociety is as neceſſary to aſſiſt us in diſtinguiſhing good from evil, as ſhades in painting give the delicate character and relief. By aſſociating with the ladies, we acquire a greater facility in bringing our arguments to light. Of what uſe is our learning, if we cannot expreſs it? Or to have our minds ſtored with a confuſed remembrance of an infinity of things, which we have not the art and talents to communicate agreeably? I take the higheſt period of politeneſs in England (and it

is

is of the ſame date in France) to have been the peaceable part of King Charles the firſt's reign; and from what we read of theſe times, the methods then uſed for cultivating converſation, were altogether different from ours; ſeveral ladies, whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had aſſemblies at their houſes, where perſons of the beſt underſtanding of both ſexes, met to paſs the evening in diſcourſing upon whatever agreeable ſubjects were ſtarted; and although we are apt to ridicule the ſublime Platonic notions they had in love or friendſhip, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reaſon, and that a little of the romance is no ill ingredient to preſerve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into every thing that is ſordid, vicious, and low. I am perſuaded, that nothing

nothing great or glorious was ever performed, where it does not preſide; and as our *paſſions*, add *vigour* to our *actions*, *enthuſiaſm* gives *ſpirit* to our *paſſions* — may I farther add — it often opens and enlarges our capacities. Sir William Temple, in his Eſſay on ancient and modern Learning, ſays, that an ingenious *Spaniard* maintained that the hiſtory of *Don Quixote*, had ruined the *Spaniſh monarchy*. Nor was this poſition void of truth. For though it muſt be confeſſed, that the author turned all their romantic love and honour into ridicule with great *truth* and *juſtice*, as well as with inimitable *wit* and *humour*, yet it had undoubtedly a very ill effect on that nation: for, from the the time of that publication, the Spaniards in general became aſhamed of *fighting* as well as *loving*, nor has there been any thing

thing done ſince by them in any degree equal to their ancient glory, unleſs I am to except their atchievements under their truly great general the marquis *De Lede*.

" Monteſquieu obſerves, that libertiniſm is more prevalent in England than gallantry, from the leſs degree of deference and condeſcenſion required in the former. The French formerly debarred from their tournaments all perſons who were accuſed of having talked of the ladies in a ſlighting manner: their conduct in this particular, was not directed by a principle of humanity, or influenced by gallantry, but proceeded from views merely political. They were perſuaded the greater reſpect is paid to women, the more anxious they will be to merit eſteem: and that ſeveral great men, remarkable for elevated ſentiments, would

would perhaps never have aſpired to that high diſtinction, if an inclination to appear amiable to women had not influenced them to approve themſelves worthy of regard. Plato ſays, "A lover is full of a divinity, which ſpeaks and acts within him; and there is no accompliſhment, no virtue, no heroiſm, which he is not capable of attaining while in this ſtate of inſpiration, and in the ſight of his beloved." And Taſſo tells us,

Ma chi de paventure in altra impreſſa
S'arvien, ch'amor taffide?

Love then muſt be a ſure guide to heroiſm, and the experience of all ages has ſhewn, that hearts inſenſible to *love*, can hardly be enamoured with *virtue*. Why is Marius a *barbarian*; while Cæſar, who was no leſs ambitious, is

adored

adored at Rome for his clemency, and almoſt makes the Romans forget all the injury he has done them? Livia diveſts Auguſtus of his cruel and bloody temper. Whence the difference between Mahomet II. and Solyman II? Between Lewis XI. and Henry IV? Germanicus, without Agrippina, might perhaps never have been a great warriour. Titus, *abhored* by the Romans during his conſulſhip, became the lover of Berenice, and ſoon after the *delight* of mankind. Charles VII. owed his courage to the fair Agnes: had it not been for her, the Engliſh to this day might have been maſters of France." We returned Sir James our thanks for his commentary on Mr. Lewis's letter, and I told him, that I could not myſelf help thinking that thoſe men who affected to deſpiſe women, were more induced by *diſappointed*

pointed pride or jealouſy, than influenced by wiſdom or nature: no man ever deſpiſed the ſex who was a favourite with them, nor did any one ever ſpeak contemptuouſly of love, who was conſcious of loving, and being beloved by a woman of merit. Did we hear a vicious perſon expreſſing his contempt of honeſty and virtue, which ſhould we think the more meanly of, him or them? In the ſame manner when a ſhallow fop ſneers at what he does not underſtand, when he meets a woman of underſtanding, his low raillery ought to caſt no reflection upon her; but he is to be conſidered as ſunk from the dignity of reaſon, and ſo far degenerate as to make his ignorance his *pride*, which ought to be his *ſhame*. But when men of ſenſe adopt theſe opinions, I am at a loſs how to account for it, except they deſire to keep us in ig-

norance from the ſame cauſe the Mahometans do their diſciples, who carefully keep them from philoſophy, becauſe no man can admit of their religion, who is previouſly furniſhed with the rules which philoſophers uſe to diſcover truth.

I ever am, dear Madam,

your obliged, and

affectionate friend,

MARY ROSS.

LET-

LETTER XXXIV.

From Lady FILMER, to Mrs. Ross.

DEAR MADAM,

I Rejoice at Miſs Byron's good fortune. I am not at all ſurpriſed at Lady Sophia's refuſing her approbation, as it for a moment confers an appearance of ſuperiority which every *little mind* is tempted to *aſſume*. Such is the fate of ſuperlative underſtanding, it meets oppoſition from thoſe whoſe limited capacities cannot reach the extent of its conception. This perhaps is not a very amiable picture of human nature, but is it not a juſt one? No creature, but man, in the world, glories and triumphs in the deſtruction of its own ſpecies. Man is

the only jarring ſtring that ſpoils the concord of the univerſe. I know, my dear friend, it is a maxim of yours, that we indulge a principle of ſelf-love, even in aſcribing merit to others: in finding fault with them (as I hinted above) do we not do the ſame? For by condemning their errors, we would inſinuate that we are free of them. So true it is that ſelf-love knows how to make an advantage of every thing; and that for, or againſt, is equal to promote its end. Miſs Caſtor is going to be married to Sir James Freeman. My ſon, knowing I had ſeen her with her lover, who is an elegant young man, aſked me if *ſhe* was in love with *him?* I anſwered with ſome heat, *it is impoſſible!* upon his teſtifying his ſurprize, I could only reply, had you ever ſeen the lady, you would have been of my opinion: her voice

and

and manner is not tinctured with that ſoftneſs and complaiſance with which love graces and ſweetens every expreſſion, and which give riſe to all the ſweet civilities of life. You may recollect the beautiful deſcription in Homer of Venus' zone, in which were woven fond love, and gay deſire, love's ſecret whiſpers, and ſuch perſuaſives as won the wiſeſt to compliance. In the ancient mythology, the Graces were made to preſide over courteſy and outward charms: the aſſigning them this double province, was happily imagined, for civility or the deſire to pleaſe, naturally produces a gracefulneſs of action, and ſpreads over our perſons that *venuſtas*, which is the completion of exterior beauty; while the privation of it has the contrary effect.

Farewel, my dear friend,

ever your's affectionately,

AMELIA FILMER.

LETTER XXXV.

From Mrs. Ross. to Lady FILMER,

DEAR MADAM, York.

AS Lord H—— has acquainted your Ladyſhip with his meeting with Miſs ——, their affecting reconciliation, &c. it is needleſs for me to add more on that head, only that I have procured a houſe, where ſhe can have the attendance of the phyſical people here; and his Lordſhip has taken care that every thing ſhould be as commodious as poſſible for her. She has inſiſted on not ſeeing him more whilſt in this ſituation, until ſhe is able enough to accept of your ladyſhip's invitation.

I have

I have been heartily tired of this week, where the continual hurry and noiſe precludes all quiet enjoyment of one's ſelf and friends. May it not be juſtly ſaid, races are meetings where the *men* aſſemble to quarrel about *horſes*, and the *women* about *precedence*. We have been tired with diſputes on both theſe intereſting ſubjects. Lady Sophia has gained two admirers, Lord Dacres, and a Scotch Baronet. She has been hitherto indiſcriminate in her attentions, by which means ſhe has encouraged them all. When Lord Dacres introduced Sir James Ramſay to her Ladyſhip, he added, after naming him, he was not ſo great a fool as he appeared to be. —"That, anſwered Sir James, Madam, is the difference betwixt his Lordſhip and me." Sir James, is a well bred amiable man, poſſeſſed of great abilities

and a pleaſing addreſs; there is a preciſion in his ideas, a force and elegance in his expreſſions, and a propriety and noble freedom in his ſentiments and manner, which charm every one that converſes with him. Lady Sophia has affected to be much amuſed with Mr. Bruce's attachment for miſs Byron; he came into the library and aſked Lady Sophia where ſhe was? who anſwered,

Conoſe rollo a i fiori
Ove ſaran, piu folti

Or,

Conoſcarollo, a l'aure
Ove ſaran piu dolce.

BONARELLI's Filli de Sciro.

Then courteſying very low to Mr. Bruce, ſaid, "The fair one whom you enquire for, is retired to the garden."

Lady

Lady Sophia has attached herſelf to a Miſs Ridley ſhe met at the races, who it ſeems had been at ſchool with her; ſhe is a perſon of no faſhion, and of coquetiſh manners. Thus commenced an acquaintance which of all other is the moſt likely to laſt, between a *ſuperior* and an *inferior*, when the advantage is on the ſide of the former: for Miſs Ridley is very *ugly*, which circumſtance alone affords Lady Sophia more ſatisfaction, than the intimacy of one of much ſuperior talents. Is it not highly abſured to boaſt of an advantage which we poſſeſs without any effort or deſert of our own; or to be jealous of the beauty of another; of a quality to which we can add nothing by our ſolicitude, and from which detraction can take nothing away? Now, my dear friend,

friend, I am to acquaint you with an affair that will ſurpriſe you.—Sir James, in ſpeaking to me of his ſon's marriage, and of the rational delight attending an union with a ſenſible woman, ſaid, he believed the happieſt marriages were, where people had a high eſteem for each other, excluſive of the perturbations of love, eſpecially in an advanced age. That he had had the ſupreme felicity of being united to the woman of his heart; one of the moſt amiable of human beings! But that the inexpreſſible uneaſineſs he had undergone for ſo many years, on account of the afflicted ſtate of this beloved object, had embittered his happineſs for the beſt part of his life. I could not help here telling him, that tenderneſs for woman is ſo far from leſſening a character,

that

that it is a proof of a manly generous ſoul *.

Sir James ſaid my compliment flattered hm very much; and added, after the above declaration, "Madam to a great many of your ſex, it would be a bad compliment to ſay, though my heart can never be again affected *by love*, yet you are the firſt woman in *my eſteem*; I wiſh to make you my wife, and to prove the ſincerity of my profeſſions from my conduct. Between people of our time of life, there ought to be no diſguiſe; we ſhould be explicit with one another." I bowed: I love not to make diſqualifying ſpeeches; by ſuch we ſeem to intimate that we doubt the truth of the aſſertion, and want to have it either *repeated* or *confirmed*.

* An orator in the Houſe laſt winter ſaid, that bravery and compaſſion were aſſociate virtues.

I told

I told Sir James he did me a great deal of honour; that marriage was a ſtate into which I had never thought of entering again; but that I ſhould endeavour to recollect myſelf, and anſwer him fully in a day or two. When we next met, I acquainted him with my whole hiſtory, connections, &c. &c. I gave him a ſhort, account of my affairs; I found his good opinion increaſed by my frankneſs. I then told him, he was perfectly agreeable to me, that eſteem heightened by gratitude and enforced by duty, would ſoon ripen into love; the only love that ſuits this imperfect ſtate, a *faithful*, a tender affection.

There is a ſuperior ardour, my dear Lady Filmer, due only to ſupreme perfection; and only to be exerciſed by us poor

poor mortals in humble devotion. But where duty and reaſon are perfectly reconciled, affection will inſtantly unite itſelf to them; and then obedience will become not only an eaſy, but a delightful taſk.

Lady Sophia has declared for Lord Dacres; Sir James Ramſay I believe was not very much diſappointed. A reflecting man like him ſoon develops characters: he ſeems much taken with the amiable Lucy, Sir James's youngeſt daughter: love like her, is repreſented timid, reſerved, ſerious.

I am delighted with the ſimplicity and elegance of unadorned nature, now ſo rarely to be found, and ſo little obſerved. Thoſe graces which are obtained by art, have always an appearance of affectation and conſtraint. Under a ſmiling countenance, and that air of youth which

which ſeems to promiſe only ſentiments of gaiety and pleaſure, this charming girl conceals a ſolid and ſerious turn of thought, with which every body who knows her intimately is ſurpriſed.

I ever am, my dear Madam.

your Ladyſhip's affectionate
and much obliged
humble ſervant

MARY ROSS,

LETTER XXXVI.

From the Same, to the Same.

DEAR MADAM,

SIR James thought it proper to ſhew Lady Sophia the letters he had received concerning Lord Dacres, at the time

time he had payed his addreſſes to Lady Harriet. She read them with great attention, and then cooly replied, ſhe was ſure Lord Dacres would not uſe a virtuous woman *ill*; and ſhe did not doubt, but *her* conduct would make him behave *well*. That truly, if forward girls would throw themſelves into a man's way, it was their own fault, and they muſt look to the conſequence. That for her part, it was a proof to her of his gallantry and ſpirit, and ſhe imputed what his tutor had ſaid of him to malice, and the other gentleman's remarks to envy. In ſhort, ſhe is one of thoſe women, who, like the ſavages, eſteem a man in the greateſt degree, who is moſt covered with frightful ſcars; who love a man only in proportion to the number of women he has ruined. Their wedding is to take place at the

ſame

ſame time of the others, which are to be ſolemnized in this family.

I could not help hinting to Lady Sophia, how ſhort the acquaintance had been between her and her lover.—"To play the tyrant before marriage (anſwered her ſagacious Ladyſhip,) is but a bad claim for indulgence afterwards." Lord Dacres is the delight of all the ſervants, he ſtrews his ſilver to the mob in the ſtreets of York. I know no virtue, the want of which may with reſpect to all its advantages, be ſo well ſupplied by vice, as generoſity; vanity *almoſt alone*, will ſometimes perform all its functions.

We have been viſited by all the people of faſhion in the neighbourhood: I forbear from characteriſing any, but thoſe in whom you are particularly intereſted; being convinced you diſlike a *malicious*

inſinuation,

inſinuation, as much as you approve an *intereſting hint*; I therefore ſpare even *thoſe* who will not *ſpare* one another. I cannot help, however, making one general remark: I do not admire the Yorkſhire Ladies, they reſemble Amazons too much to pleaſe me; conſtantly riding, and leaping four-barred gates, &c. The other day, as we were walking on the fine lawn before the houſe, where a flock of ſheep continually graze, the gentle Lucy was feeding ſome of her favourites, whom ſhe has taught to anſwer by their names.

I was admiring the docility of the ſheep, and expreſſing my aſtoniſhment at their anſwering to their names, when Sir James Ramſay acquainted us, that the celebrated Buffon affirms, that our ſheep are very far removed from their natural ſtate; and that Dr. Hammond

ſays, the ſhepherds of Jewry knew every ſheep ſeverally. This he clearly deduces from theſe words, St. John x. 3, 4. *To him the porter opened the door, and the ſheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own ſheep by name, and leadeth them out: and when he putteth forth his own ſheep he goeth before them, and the ſheep follow him, becauſe they knew his voice.* That the ſhepherds gave them their names, alſo appears from a paſſage in Theocritus, Id. v. l. 103, 104. where a ſhepherd calls three of his ſheep by their names. Theſe (added Sir James) only appear ſtrange to us, becauſe we are too much eſtranged from nature, to think of ſuch paſtimes as the lovely Miſs Lucy does." Thus agreeably were we engaged, when two of theſe *lady hunters* arrived, arrayed in their riding dreſſes, and boaſting they had been in at the death. I could not help

help thinking how much they would reliſh ſeeing a bull-fight in Spain. How much is this to be lamented? pity is nouriſhed only by tender ſentiments, and is extinguiſhed by the frequency of thoſe objects, which ought naturally to confirm it. *Nero*, who wiſhed he had never learned to write, when preſſed to ſign the warrant for a criminal's execution, could delight in the murder of his enemies. The tyrant *, that loudly bewailed the fate of *Hecuba* and *Andromache*, as repreſented on the ſtage, could hear without emotion the cries of thoſe he had doomed to deſtruction. By a frequent attendance at thoſe bloody feaſts, which, in ſome countries are given by *avarice* to *idleneſs*, they ſoon loſe all ſenſe of the ſtrong notions, they

* Alexander, tyrant of Phares.

had hitherto felt at the cries of mangled animals; in time they hear them with pleaſure. By often frequenting them, the ſoul becomes callous to their impreſſions; is unaffected with the proſpect of human miſeries, and inſenſible to every tender emotion. The contraſt was too great between them and Miſs Lucy, not to ſtrike us with admiration of the latter. After they were gone, Sir James Ramſey aſked her if ſhe approved of their ſentiments; ſhe anſwered modeſtly, it did not become her to diſapprove or cenſure any one, but ſhe could not help contraſting them with the character of Jaques in As You Like it, who weeps and comments upon the *ſobbing deer*, when he ſays,

The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the brig round tears

Cours'd

Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe.

We told her, we were quite charmed with her ſentiments: ſhe only anſwered, her nature muſt have been bad to have poſſeſſed any other; "For (ſaid ſhe) have I not been bred in the ſchool of humanity? is not my father the friend of the poor, and the comforter of the afflicted? his aſylum for his old ſervants, and the poor, I believe, you never yet ſaw: adjoining to this, he has appropriated a piece of ground, where horſes, once ſerviceable to him, enjoy through his indulgence the paſtures, with an immunity from labour. There are alſo various other dumb creatures in the ſame place."

This account excited our curioſity, and the more as we never heard it mentioned before, although ſo long in the

houſe. We walked thither: it is in a remote part of the park (although it would have been a pretty ornament in view) to avoid any appearance of oſtentation. Nothing indeed here is calculated merely for ſhow and parade; nor were ſuch idle expences admitted into that conſummate plan which regulated the ſtructure of the univerſe. A learned clergyman, who is blind, reſides in this aſylum. Every ſervant who has lived in the family ten years, at the age of ſixty is received into it. And every object in this and the two next pariſhes, that by infirmities is rendered incapable of procuring a livelihood, here finds a retreat: there are only three at preſent. I inquired of Sir James, how it happened there were ſo few objects in this aſylum? he told me that, according to Sir William Petty's calculations, there are not

not in nature any more than one in five hundred that are ſo weak and infirm as not to be able to get their bread. And it is well known, ſaid he, that there are more deformed men born in a century, than deformed brutes ſince the creation! How conſiderate is Providence! Creatures which participate moſt of the material and leaſt of the ſpiritual nature, neceſſarily require the corporeal talents in a higher degree. Brutes having therefore greater endowments of body than men, are intended for their uſe. God and nature do nothing in vain, nothing is ſuperfluous. As brutes are inferior to men in the mental faculties, let us apply their bodily excellencies in promoting beneficial uſes to ſociety: while men may ſupply the deficiencies in themſelves, by art and ſkill, which are the fruit of knowledge, reaſon, and un-

derſtanding. But who can refrain from aſtoniſhment and pity, when he looks around him, and finds ſo many of his own ſpecies ſo little humaniſed, as ſcarce to differ from brutes; yet arrogate a ſuperiority *over* them, while they debaſe themſelves *below* them? The boundaries betwixt the human and brute underſtanding is not eaſily to be fixed. *Who can determine the loweſt degree of human ignorance, and the higheſt pitch of brutal knowledge?* Who can ſay where the one ends, and the other begins, or whether there be any difference betwixt them but in degree? Far be it from me to reproach any part of mankind, for employing themſelves in the neceſſary, though laborious offices of life; there muſt be *hewers* of *wood*, and *drawers* of *water*; yet even people of this claſs deſerve reprehenſion, as their buſineſs need

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

need not engroſs their whole thoughts. How many millions are employed merely in performing the buſineſs of horſes, and beaſts of burden; or works that require more labour of body than exerciſe of mind? Brutes ſhould ſupply the labour of man, but let us never forget humanity to ſubordinate animals *. God graciouſly extends his care to all his

* A noble Lord, in his Treatiſe on Horſemanſhip, juſtly expoſes, not only the cruelty, but the bad policy of the Engliſh in cutting off the tails of their horſes. "It is hardly credible (ſays he) what a difference, eſpecially at a certain time of the year; this ſingle alteration would make in our cavalry, which, though naturally ſuperior to all others I have ſeen, are, however, long before the end of the campaign, (for want of that natural defence againſt flies) inferior to all,"—conſtantly fretting from being tormented and ſtung off their meat and ſtomachs, while the foreign cavalry bruſh off the vermin, are cool, at eaſe, and mend daily, inſtead of periſhing as ours do.

crea-

creatures, even to the loweſt reptiles and inſects. When reaſon appears only in the exertion of wanton cruelty and tyrannical oppreſſion, it is really not a gift to be boaſted of. When a man forces the furious ſteed to endure the bit, or breaks oxen to the yoke, the great benefits accruing to ſociety excuſes the forcible methods by which it is accompliſhed: but to ſee a man from the vain deſire of having in his poſſeſſion the native of another country, and another climate, reduce a fine and noble creature to miſery, and confining within a narrow incloſure him whoſe happineſs conſiſted in unbounded liberty, muſt ſhock the nature of every one endowed with a feeling heart.

Such is the fate of many noble animals, purchaſed by wealth for the amuſement of fools; who eſtimate every

ry thing according to *what it coſts:* therefore prefer *heterogeneous* plants and *exotic* animals, to thoſe of their own country *. Does not this obſervation extend itſelf to muſic? "We run mad (ſays a favourite author †), or rather fooliſh, after this imported muſic (ſpeaking of the Italian opera) while we have much better of our own. Moſt of the modern Italian compoſitions only trifle with the ear; the Welſh, the Scotch, and the Iriſh muſic, reach the heart. The productions of our preſent Italian maſters, are thrummed over for a ſea-

* The goodneſs of God, beſtows on every country remedies for the diſeaſes that ordinarily reign in them. It is the ingratitude of men, to deſpiſe the riches and gifts of nature they have at home, and ſeek for them abroad. The perfection of botany conſiſts in entering into, and following that order God has eſtabliſhed; and in teaching men to be contented with the plants that grow under their eyes, and which they trample under foot.

† Launcelot Temple.

ſon becauſe they are new, and forgot for ever afterwards; becauſe when you have heard them twenty times, you find them ſtill as inſipid as at firſt.

The muſic which charmed theſe iſlands, perhaps long before the boaſted revival of this art in Italy, or rather in Flanders, is as eſtabliſhed as the ancient claſſics; and theſe compoſitions, ſhort and ſimple as they are, never become inſipid, but give delight and rapture every time they are heard."

Mr. Bruce acquaints me that when he was in Italy, the *dilettante* there were much pleaſed with Scotch Muſic, which the celebrated author of the Secchio Rapeta, warmly recommends. He ſays they imagined is had been compoſed by David Rizzio*, but this he convinced them was highly improbable; there is

* Lord Kaims acquaints us they were compoſed by King James I. which ſeems much more probable.

a pe-

a peculiarity in the ſtyle of Scotch melody, which foreigners even of great knowledge in muſic, and after a long reſidence in Scotland, never could imitate with ſucceſs. The wildeſt of them, which bid defiance to all rules of modern counterpoint, are generally the moſt powerfully affecting; and no muſic can be more plaintive, or expreſſive of that tenderneſs and pleaſing melancholy attendant on unfortunate love. Theſe were ſung by the bards; whoſe profeſſion, in the Highlands of Scotland, was upheld in ſome degree of honour till this century: about which time the communication of the inhabitants with the more civilized parts of the kingdom, by degrees aſſimilated their manners to thoſe of their neighbours; by which means the bard's profeſſion became

came extinct *. As you have hitherto indulged me in throwing out my thoughts on paper without order, method, or perſpicuity, I am afraid my fondneſs for Scotch muſic has made me treſpaſs on your patience: but I know you will agree with me in thinking that *muſic*, like all the ſciences whoſe ſtandard is in nature, can only be corrupted by the profeſſors or learned in that art, becauſe the ſenſe of the untutored part of mankind is the true ſtandard, and can never be wrong. It has always been an art of more impor-

* About the cloſe of the laſt century, John Glas, and John Macdonald, bards by profeſſion, who reſided in the houſes of two Highland chiefs, travelled fifty miles, and met by appointment in Lochaber, to vindicate their own honour, and that of their reſpective chiefs, at a public meeting, in a poetical and muſical conteſt.

tance

tance in uncultivated than civilized nations: among the former we always find it intimately connected with poetry and dancing; and it appears by the teſtimony of many ancient authors ‡, that Muſic (in the original ſenſe of the word) implies melody, dance, and ſong: by theſe almoſt all barbarous nations in every age, in every climate, have expreſſed all ſtrong emotions of the mind.

The moſt affecting paſſages in favourite authors owe their excellence to ſimplicity alone: but at preſent, the ableſt muſicians are led by a falſe emulation of diſplaying a maſterly hand, to introduce the *extravagante*; while they neglect the wild graces, the nobly plaintive ſtrains, the ſounds that charm, that elevate the ſoul, and aſſuage the petu-

‡ See Plato and Athenæus.

lent

lent cares of this life, that inſpire us with golden viſions, and generate thoſe that we were never before conſcious of.

Lady Sophia queſtioned me whether Sir James had made his addreſſes to me: I attempted not to put a limit to her conjectures; ſince denial, or evaſion, would but, as it generally does, defeat its own end, and *ſtrengthen* what it aimed to *weaken*.

How diſagreeable it is, my dear madam, to live in a ſtation, for which habits in our early education have utterly diſqualified us. This, by your goodneſs, I have been preſerved from, but I have occaſionally even found my pride revolt at not being able to carry conſequence enough by mere externals, or to conciliate the regard of the world by any other than internal qualities, often liable

liable to the ſuſpicion of affectation, and always of little conſideration in the eyes of thoſe who poſſeſs them not. If I have tired your patience, the approbation you gave my former letters have made me continue my *reveries*. I am not ignorant that ſuperior geniuſes ſometimes take pleaſure in encouraging the inferior, by ſmiles of applauſe.

I am ever

your Ladyſhip's affectionate
and obliged friend,

MARY ROSS.

LETTER XXXVII.

From the Same, to the Same.

DEAR MADAM.

I Have now the pleaſure to inform your Ladyſhip that the marriages were celebrated a week ago. Lord and Lady

Dacres ſet out this morning with a grand retinue to the ſeat of the Duke of A——, who is confined with the gout. She has carried Miſs Ridley along with her, who is a compound of ignorance and ſelf-ſufficiency: ſhe cannot come up to Lady Dacres in the ſprightly ſallies of her converſation, and therefore, with greater *penetration*, has found out an eaſier way to be *like her*; and is ſo very humble as to imitate her in her failings; and as all *her malignity* without her *wit*. She is of that ſpecies of people who adopt the faults of every body they converſe with. The Scots Baronet payed his compliments after the marriage. Sir James Ramſey, I believe, is *really* in love with Miſs Bruce. He acquainted Mrs. Bruce of his ſentiments, but that he could not, with propriety, addreſs one lady ſo ſoon after *another*; though the terror he was in of any other man's precluding his hopes,

was

was alarming to him. Mrs. Bruce adviſed him on that account to ſpeak to Miſs Bruce: he anſwered, that her reſerve had inſpired him with an awe he could not conquer. "Whenever the heart is deeply affected, I believe there is always this deference," ſaid he. "But you did not, replied Mrs. Bruce, appear to have much of this *mauvaiſe honte* with Lady Dacres." "Ah! Madam, ſaid he, how different *are* my *feelings!* In the firſt inſtance, my heart was perfectly at *eaſe*, though under the influence of the lady's *charms*; it is ſo *engroſſed* at preſent by the object of its tendereſt affections, that it has not leiſure to trifle before her." Gaiety implies a vacancy of thought. "Fear, ſays an elegant writer, always accompanies love when it is great, as flames burn higheſt when they tremble moſt." Sir James

Bruce

Bruce was highly pleaſed to hear of this *tendre*; but this amiable man has not been ſo happy as to touch the heart of the gentle Lucy, although ſhe has the moſt perfect eſteem for him.

I am ever, dear Madam,

your Ladyſhip's affectionate

and obliged friend,

MARY ROSS.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.